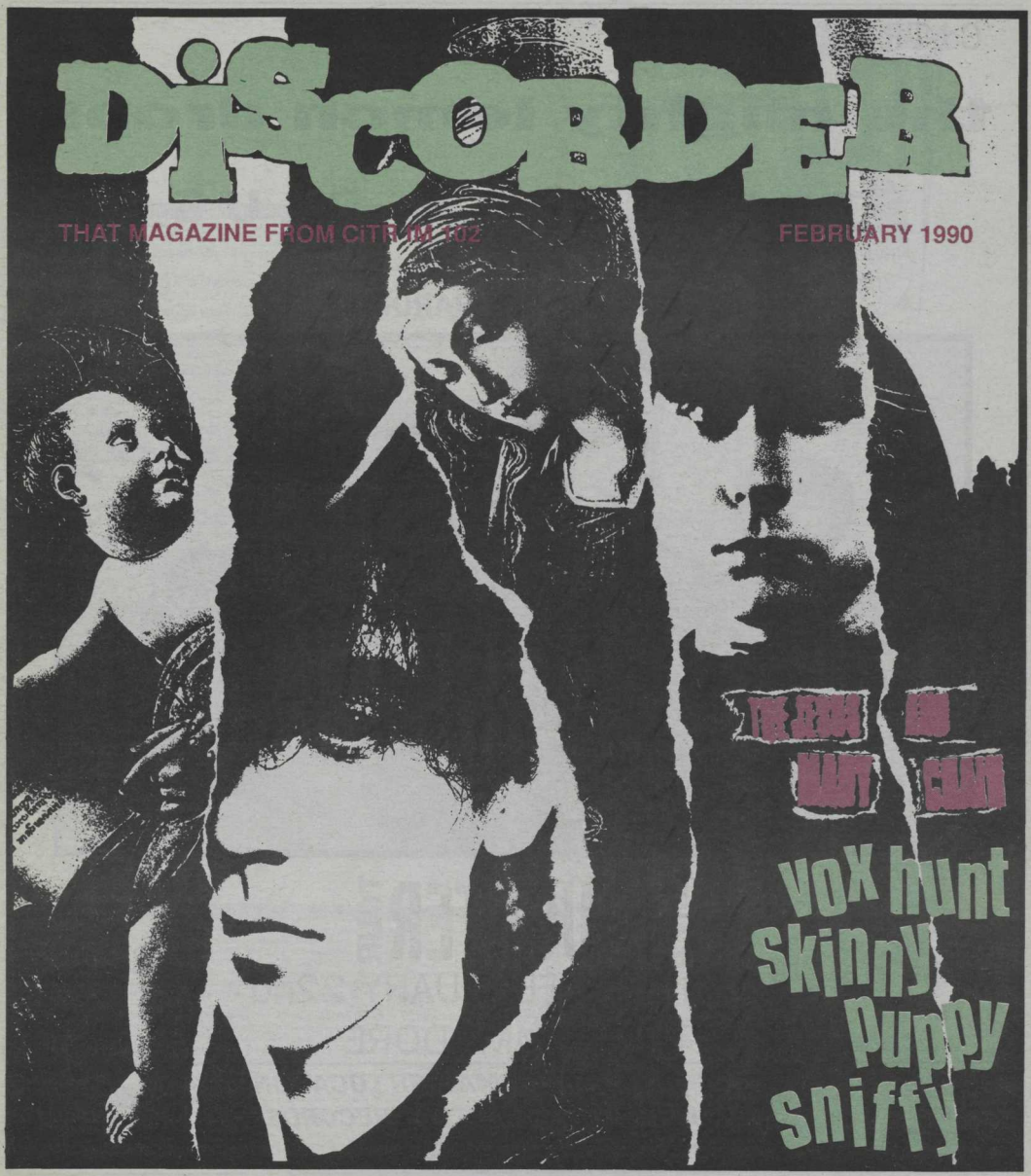
DISCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR FM 102 FEBRUARY 1990



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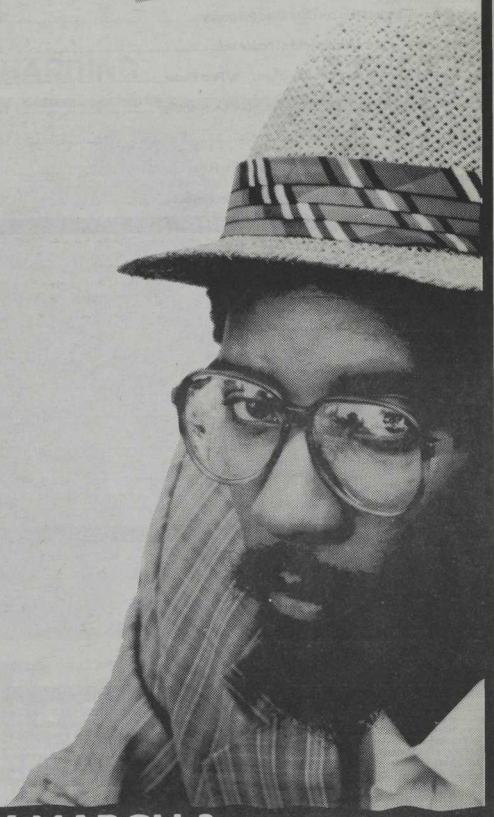

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DRAW THE LINE

Dear Airhead,

Maybe it's just been oversaturation or ennui on my part, but for awhile Discorder seemed a bit lacking in spark. The last couple of issues, though, have generated some strong reactions, which I'd like to share with you.

First, how long have you been planning D-Magazine? It's cohesion and attention to detail are frightening and brilliant. Up there with National Lampoon's finer moments, but scarier, like the Ridley Scott/William Gibson futurist visions. Nice one, folks.

Which made me think about the rest of the writing in the issue. Style, not content. The language in a few articles ends up in the same kind of phony street slang you parody in D.A.T.-A-View. There's a difference between vibrant, earthy colloquialism and the mindless overuse of gibberish. You know who you are. You're not idiots; don't go out of your way to sound like idiots.

Then there was something in a previous issue that stuck in my mind like a fishhook: Janis' suggestion that punk and art rock are antithetical. Seems to me the difference is more one of social context - whose clique you're in - than philosophy. Both... species?... are based on intolerance with mediocrity (which I'll get to in a minute). They react either with complexity or brute force, or both: Nomeansno comes up with some pretty interesting rhythms, and Glen Branca can be as obnoxious as the Forgotten Rebels without even breathing hard (Incidentally, when I heard that Billy Bragg had said that he thought 'art' should be spelled with a capital 'F', it reminded me of the quotation of the high ranking Nazi who said something like, "When I hear the word 'culture', I reach for my revolver").

Viola Funk bewails mediocrity in the restaurant business. Too few people observe the mediocrity in the A-word music scene (the word 'scene' makes me cringe, but I guess it's necessary). Like rock and roll which spawned it, the non-mainstream music at its inception was scary, dangerous, rebellious music. Like rock and roll, the bulk of it is now... traditional. Conventional. Institutional. Safe. Even given the limited format of guitar, bass, drums, and voice, and the slightly less limited themes of politics and love (and their various interconnectednesses), there's still a lot of fucking redundant and unimaginative music being churned out. The world is run by cretins. We know. People hurt each other. We know. Love feels good. We know. Tell

us in a way that's at least marginally interesting or unique.

While one of the attractions of the punk sub-culture was the egalitarian, socialist, anyone can do it attitude, the fact remains: some people are better musicians than others. Some people are better potters. Some people are better carpenters. We are (probably) all equal in terms of the value of human life, but (fortunately) our talents are focused in different areas. Sure, everybody draws the line between creativity and incoherence in a different place, and there are times for all of us when we just want to hear comfortable sounds (define as you will: some of us are comfortable with Nurse with Wound, others with Zamfir). But apparently the idea of working hard to produce something valuable is an idea that has been scorned out of existence, ironically, both by the past few years of nihilism and by the music-on-hold (pun intended) mainstream radio stations. Arch enemies producing the same waste: mediocrity.

In an interview in Nite Moves, Nomeansno's Rob Wright said "Musicianship is the death of rock and roll." Consider the state of rock and roll, and remember these lines from the Dead Kennedys' "Chickenshit Conformist":

Punk's not dead, it just deserves to die,
When it becomes another stale cartoon,
A close-minded self-centered social club,
Ideas don't matter, it's who you know.

Requiescat in pace.

Paul (still no relation) Funk

WHAT TO DO?

Dear Airhead,

While sojourning in a parked car, in the park on a Monday night... we decided to drop you a line, because something must be done!

Let us elaborate. We first appear to be 16/17 yrs and also live miiiiiiiilles from town. We don't appreciate the fact that every hardcore band plays those particular places where people of our age are NOT ALLOWED! Where the hell do these bands expect us to mosh? At the local Jehovah HALL?! We have just been refused at Club Soda, where we went to mosh to Death Sentence. I must say we are rather perturbed. So since we are so young and naive... Shall we go and discover god for something to do? Maybe disco?

Thanx for listening to our childish ravings.

Willow and Kelly

PLEASE, NO POETRY

Dear Airhead,

I remember it clearly now; I was etching spirals and circles on my neighbour's fence when I realized the absolute frivolity of it all. It was Wednesday, so the clothes were out on the line waiting to be dried or soaked, depending on the whim of Nature. The red brick porch undulated comfortingly under my feet as my dog weaved toward me, struggling to keep his balance on the inconsistent earth. The rhythm of motion was kept by a neverending cycle of colours projected on the clouds.

"If you want to see what we're eating, why don't you look around the fence?"

Honestly,

Michael J. Hamilton

WHICH ONE IS CHRIS?

Dear Airhead,

I have to take exception to last issue's music review of Chiefs of Belief. I think Chiefs of Belief are an excellent band (especially the keyboards). The songs are tightly put together with no loose ends. This is a strong band and the keyboards are rich and intricately played without being overpowering.

Personally, I don't think your reviewer knows what they're talking about when it comes to synthesizers! And anyway, why don't they sign their full name?

Chris' sister

GILLIGAN IS DOG BACKWARDS

Dear Airhead,

Gilligan is coming to Vancouver!!! This is true. During the "Boat Show", an event dwarfing the birth of Christ and the Harmonic Convergence put together, will take place. The spiritually blind shall see, the emotionally hungry shall be fed, and the downtrodden shall rejoice! Bob Denver will be here soon. Help spread the word of salvation to the masses! Gilligan! Gilligan!

Sincerely,

Al-Ubhaid, official clukker for the Elainester

Pee Ess. Look, I've been promoted! Bok. Bok. Bok.

THE MAN SCAN
by the Man Sherbet

A Monthly Overview of People Who Are Spoiling Our Fun

Person in Question #1 - John Gray: crotchety writer and one-man Canadian culture factory.

The Beef - Those damn video cabaret's on CBC's "Journal" program.

Advice - Burn your ACTRA card, go milk cows for a year.

Person in Question #2 - Carole "Two-term" Taylor: former spokesmodel turned politician.

The Beef - Her overly publicized departure from City Council.

Advice - Leave hubby Art, move into a basement suite in Mount Pleasant, park your Mercedes-Benz on the street.

Person in Question #3 - Michael Williams: Mr. "Yours Truly" hisself, self-possessed representative of Toronto "blackness," and Much Music Veejay.

The Beef - Referred to future "Journal" talking-head Laurie Brown's "tits" on national television.

Advice - Run for political office, in Haiti.

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- Natural Elements
- Aya (W.I.S.E.)
Feb. 9 - Ancient Cultures
- The Dots
- James Keelaghan Trio (V.E.C.C.)
Feb. 9 - Roots Roundup (W.I.S.E.) 11:30 pm
Feb.10 - Ngai Lum Music Society
-Nyetz
- Faith Nolan (V.E.C.C.)
Feb.10 - Hard Rock Miners (W.I.S.E.) 11:30 pm
Feb.11 - Allen Dobb & Dumela
- The Hightops
- Roy Forbes (W.I.S.E.)
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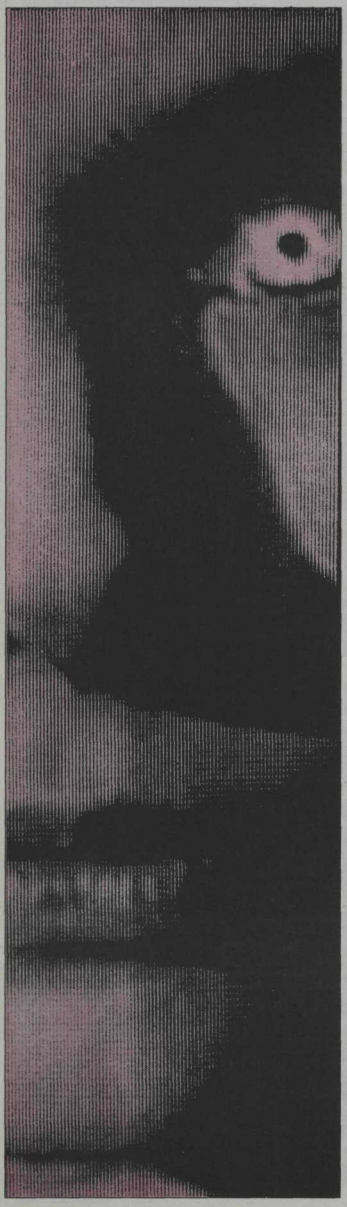

RABID CURIOSITY SKINNY PUPPY

by Lloyd Uliana JOIN THE RHYTHM OF MACHINES, Fridays 12:30-4:00 AM

"I tend not to hide issues with people. I talk directly, face to face. Direct confrontation with direct issues is ultimately my goal."

-cEVIN KEY sKINNY PUPPY

It has been five years since Vancouver audiences were first swept up in the Skinny Puppy phenomenon. The Remission EP, with its "Smothered Hope" single and accompanying video, and the suicide-soaked performances that followed, started the ball rolling for what would translate into fanatic appreciation for the band in Europe and across North America, simultaneously propelling their record company, Nettwerk, into the ranks of such internationally respected independent labels as Mute, Some Bizarre, Factory, and Crepuscule.

While my interviewee, percussionist cEVIN KEY disagrees with me on this, it appears that in recent years Puppy has detached itself from its Vancouver base. According to Key: "We didn't feel there was any need to play or be here more, considering we've done more shows in Vancouver than we've probably done anywhere else. We've done some of our most outrageous and elaborate shows in Vancouver as well, so I don't think that Vancouver has been missing out on anything. They had the beginnings. They had all the weirdest shows. I think to go away for awhile and to leave it alone is a good thing to do because it gives people a chance to get a different perspective and maybe listen to something else for awhile. It really became too popular or too unpopular, whichever way you want to look at it."

It also seems that their earlier following has grown up and grown out of the hero worshipping that was so much a part of Puppy's infancy. Maybe they've taken Key's indirect suggestion quite literally and are groovin' to the dime-a-BPM electronic dance bands saturating our record stores and dancefloors. Still, few bands of the mutant dance rock genre measure up to the level of excellence — creatively, visually, and conceptually — attained and defined by Skinny Puppy.

Their new album is called Rabies, and while Alain Jourgensen (Ministry, Revolting Cocks etc.) is involved in the production, it is surprisingly the most listenable LP since 1985's Bites. Apart from "Fascist Jock Itch" and "Tin Omen," which reek of Ministry hyper-aggression, Rabies is far from being a counterfeit Land of Rape and Honey or Mind is a Terrible Thing to Taste. Discorder recently talked to cEVIN KEY (a.k.a. Kevin Crompton).

Over the course of Skinny Puppy's recording history, you've recruited such personalities as Tom Ellard, Chris Sheppard, Justin Strauss, and Adrian Sherwood to lend some inspiration on the production end of things. With Rabies, you've brought in Alain Jourgensen. What's Puppy's relationship with Jourgensen?

He's a friend above all. A few years ago when I was working with Adrian Sherwood in Chicago, Al came in and introduced himself... a really maniacal guy. He expressed interest in wanting to work together, so it was only a matter of time before it happened. In England, they call it 'The Tribe.' I don't know where that comes from, but basically it's a handful of people including Sherwood, Ministry, Fini Tribe, the Cocks, Skinny Puppy, etc. All it is, is a Chicago-Vancouver friendship.

Obviously, you are still in the initial stages of promoting Rabies, so you can't be all that concerned with future recording. But is there anyone else you'd like to work with?

I, myself, have four projects going on right now other than Skinny Puppy. They involve different friends. I like to work with friends, really. It's got a lot to do with working off each other's enthusiasms and inspiration. Working with Edward K-'a-Spell for instance. I don't know where it's going to fit in along the way, but I'd like to work with some Jamaican guys on a project. I know it sounds unusual.

How is that going to fit in with what you are doing with Puppy?

It doesn't, really. I work with Dwayne Goettel (Skinny Puppy synths and sampling) on the side as well. We're like a team and in actuality, working with Nivek Ogre (Skinny Puppy vocalist and lyricist) has more or less become a thing where we work together for a certain period of time and then he goes away and does different things... and we go away and do separate things. Our relationship together has become more of a distance relationship. There is distance between ourselves and who we work with, whether it be space or time or whatever.

Weren't Dwayne and yourself based in Toronto for some time?

Two years. And Ogre was living here in Vancouver. I needed breathing space from this particular band mainly because of the intense situations that we're dealing with on the road, etc. For Dwayne and myself, we don't have a problem being together on any project. We can blend and mold. That's why I'm happy things have fallen into the space that they have because it's more creative for us. We're not stagnating in the sense that before when we wrote music we would come up with a certain percentage of songs that would be applicable to a Skinny Puppy record. We'd also come up with a certain percentage of songs which wouldn't fit into any mode. So, the Tear Garden was formed (Key and Edward K-'a-Spell of Legendary Pink Dots). The Tear Garden was like the less intense, more ambient styled music. We are now expanding on other styles of music that have been gathering over the years.

We've just finished a project last month that'll be coming out in February. It's called Hilt. We've finished a 12" and an album which I'm really pleased with. Actually, I think it's one of my favorite things that we've ever done. Hilt is myself, Dwayne, and film and video technician Al Nelson.

I'm starting a project with a guy I used to work with, Bill Leeb (Front Line Assembly, Delerium, Noise Unit). We just started a project a month ago called Cyberactive, which is going to be for Wax Trax Records. Bill came back from FLA's North American tour without a place to stay and I decided to let him sleep on my floor and in the meantime we came up with a few songs. So it was great just to toss around the idea of recording together again (Leeb a.k.a. Schroeder appeared on Puppy's Bites and Chainsaw/Cage EP). We made one phonecall to Wax Trax and they

immediately jumped on it. They agreed to give us a video and a good budget for an album.

As you mentioned, Tear Garden was another outlet for your creativity. Is that project pretty much over with?
No, definitely not. Tear Garden is one of the closest things to my heart for musical experience and creativity. I have a stockpile of songs for Edward (laughs). I saw Edward less than a year ago and we did have intentions of getting together last September and recording. That fell through because he is constantly on tour in Europe. Just to get together is a real difficult thing to plan out. We have intentions of doing an album. I think this time it will be more of a collaboration between myself and two members of Legendary Pink Dots - K's-Spell and Phil Harmonics (The Silverman). Phil's the keyboard player.

On the new Ministry LP, The Mind is a Terrible Thing to Taste, I notice your producer Dave Ogilvie does some background vocals and production work. Nivek Ogre contributes some lyrics. Could you clarify how extensive Puppy's involvement has been with Ministry? Did you support them, or vice-versa, on the last tour? Or did Ogre simply join Revolting Cocks?
Well, first of all, Ogre does tour with Revolting Cocks. He does backing vocals and guitar. We've never toured together with Ministry as Skinny Puppy. We were intending to do a North American tour which was supposed to start December 27th...a quadruple bill — ourselves, Ministry, KMFDM, and My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult. I think they've been billing it as 'The Mutants of Rock' Tour. As a band, Skinny Puppy decided to pull out of that tour mainly because of tension (laughs) and a situation that didn't seem all too clear to head into at the moment. We basically left it until later on in the year, possibly in the summertime to support Rabies and anything else we may have done by that time. It's really a touchy situation at the moment. I really can't say whether that will happen.

'Tin Omen" reflects last June's massacre of unarmed citizens and pro-democracy demonstrators by the People's Liberation army in central Peking (Tiananmen Square). It sounds odd for me to say this, but could it not also be said that "Tin Omen" is a celebration of the human will ... the ability to unite against a repressive regime and mobilize for a cause that would better themselves? "Fascist Jock Itch", which is basically Ogre coming to grips with a brutal attack by skins, can also be positive just because of the fact he does deal with the incident.

> "As of right now, Skinny Puppy is as untogether as it's ever been, and it's totally at the will of the individuals involved to put it back together."

Well, it all depends from which perspective you view it from. The biggest atrocity, probably, of the decade, is Tiananmen Square. (This interview took place before the mass civilian execution in Timisoara, Romania.) That is something that is only part of a repeating cycle of disease. It seems that, luckily, the disease is not a permanent state. It is an ever-circling state. It's similar to the human psyche. There's a very circular type of motion...people revolve in circles and continue to, ending up in areas where they may not have wanted to end up in, but end up there anyway. I've seen that with a lot of friends. I've seen that with a lot of people. It's not so much a protest as it is a revealing of how Ogre himself dealt with these certain situations. Musically, when we wrote the songs we did not intend to write about Tiananmen Square. We did not intend to write about the oil-spill ("Hexonxonx"). These incidents happened in and around the time we were recording Rabies and they provoked a certain sort of response.

Ogre has also been quoted as saying: "People have to start looking at what they're putting into the earth or it will be an environmental disaster for all of us. If human beings can just step off our pedestal and realize we are the disease, we might be okay." I Alain Jourgensen calls for "absolute civil disobedience...to wipe out the corporate stranglehold on our daily lives."2 With "Hexonxonx" ("Hex on Exxon") is Skinny Puppy calling for the destruction of the corporate sphere?
Skinny Puppy is the furthest away from a corporation. I have different values than Ogre has and Ogre has different values than Dwayne. We can ask for civil disobedience and I don't think it's going to change the world in any way. Personally, I'm not asking for anything more than just being at one with yourself. I know Ogre has different feelings on corporations and things like that. He's very much against record companies. He's very much against people who make money off other people. I have over the years come to understand where he lies and why he feels the way he does. There's a certain amount of reasoning why somebody has to concentrate on those issues, but then I've found if I dealt with the issues that directly involve me ... my girlfriend ... I just strive to make things as straightforward and outright as possible. I tend not to hide issues with people. I talk directly, face to face. Direct confrontation with direct issues is ultimately my goal.

I had the chance to interview Mark Smith of The Fall about a year and half ago. Regarding The Fall's decision not to include lyric sheets in their albums, he replied: "If I wanted to be a poet, I'd bring out poetry books." Smith is also concerned that including lyrics has the potential of distorting listeners' perceptions of the lyrics. What are Puppy's aims, other than informing, in including your lyrics?
Well, I just hate being misinterpreted. I think misinterpretation is really rampant in music. When people can't decipher lyrics immediately they will come up with their own version of what they think we're saying...the messages. The sheet that comes along with the new album doesn't include all the lyrics. Two stories were written. "Storyeye" is Ogre's, while the very short one, "No Regrets," is mine. They basically talk about us as people making music. Ogre has a way of talking that is very confusing and can be interpreted in a lot of different ways. I think it's very easily pointed out when you read the liner notes.

I was meaning to ask you about that. Is "No Regrets" directed towards the Robert Palmer that writes for the Village Voice or some magazine like that? ("Hypocrisy/ Little clarity/Learn and burn it out easily/Standstill and expect we work for your respect?/Fuck you/ Robert Palmer/Just a doubting Thomas")
It doesn't have anything to do with that guy actually. It doesn't have anything to do with Robert Palmer as a singer either. It's got to do with the business of working so hard and striving and working for something you believe in, and then, for instance, like Robert Palmer, selling out to the Pepsi Corporation. "No Regrets" is just a way of saying I don't really regret what I've done so far. I've lived and done and said what I felt.

At what point of corporate sponsorship would Skinny Puppy put its collective foot (paw?) down?
I don't know because it really hasn't been an issue for us since we don't go looking for corporate sponsors of any kind. I don't think that there is something all that wrong with getting Pepsi to support your tour; if you're going to play to 50,000 people a night and set up a stage that costs $1/2 million and get people to help you out. It's what these people demand in return, the actual contractual agreement where it's like "You belong to me, pal." That is what I'm against. It's not so much certain companies helping out people, supporting them in what they're doing. I believe in that. I don't believe in the owning of certain things. I don't believe in the way a record contract is like, " I own everything you shit, everything you eat, and everything you dream." People really give me that impression sometimes with this business... as the company would say, "My God, we have rights to you." If AKAI came along and said, "Hey, we'd like to give you an endorsement with our company, give you gear, and you advertise the fact that you use our gear," I think that's fine. I don't think that they're going to try to limit me in the sense of saying you have to go out and be something now that you haven't been all along.

Your full length concert video, Ain't it Dead Yet, what's it all about?
This is the most confusing thing in the world for me. We shot it in 1987 on the Cleanse, Fold, Manipulate Tour. It was to be released immediately. We started working on the new album and thought, well, what's the point of releasing a movie for Cleanse, Fold, Manipulate if we're working on new songs. We decided to hang on to it for a while... six months... eight months... and now it's been two years and we're not sure if we'll release it. We have people writing in to Nettwerk saying that they would like to purchase it, so we send them a copy of the tape. It doesn't have any packaging or anything. I think it's a completely bogus way of doing it. I think it's partially Nettwerk's fault for not stepping on the gun, getting a package together, and getting it out there. I've heard through Capitol-USA it's supposed to be released on their video division. I've yet to see it.

The least Nettwerk could have done was promote it at the music video channel level, then your fans would be able to see something other than the "Smothered Hope" video.
That's another issue in itself. Much Music has Ain't It Dead Yet and every video we've ever made. They themselves have chosen for the entire population of Canada that nobody should need to see that. They've chosen that with the last video, "Testure," and "Censor," "Dig It" and "Stairs and Flowers." With "Testure" we decided to at least make an attempt at making a video that might get played. And I think that was a mistake for us because it didn't get played anyway.

Right, so you feel doubly stupid for compromising.
I feel stupid for that. This time with "Worlock" we went out with the intention of making a video for ourselves, and it's definitely going to be banned. It's dedicated to our original inspiration, horror movies. It's directed at the MPAA (Motion Picture Association of America), the people that choose what you see, what you watch, what you swallow. They have a very unceremonious way of snipping out pieces from films that film makers spend enormous amounts of time putting together, in the same way that people put together their artwork. There is a need for a rating system that differentiates between an 'X' rating and an 'R' rating. There is a radical step between the two. I think now there is a need for an 'A' rating, an adult rating, which basically means you are going to see something a film maker made with the intention of you seeing, in the original form and uncensored in the sense that the director will not be offended by what was cut out. This originally was spawned when we met Clive Barker (Hellraiser) and we were lucky enough to see with the director of Hellraiser II (Tony Randel) the completely just-off-the chopping block version of what he wanted to release. It was unbelievable. I've never seen more intense scenes in my life. And we mentioned, "Well, how do you feel about what's going to happen next," and he goes, "As a matter of fact this cut right here is going straight to the cutting room." I then saw it after and basically it was a lot shorter. (laughs) The director himself didn't feel too good about it. I think people should be given a chance to make up their own minds whether they want to see something that was made by somebody for the intention of their expression.

Media distortion, isn't that what "Worlock" deals with? The clip that goes "The police used to watch over the people, now they're watching the people."
Yeah. Helter skelter.

Yeah, I noticed the Charles Manson clip in there as well.
Charles Manson has always wanted to sing "Helter Skelter," so we had to do him a favor. It's his expression even though I don't support his way of thinking. The video itself for "Worlock" is basically a compilation of scenes from every horror movie that has ever been edited in Canada, all quick-edited and spliced in some sort of rhythmic sense. I really thing it's great. The BC Motion Picture Classification Branch has already edited all these scenes out of the movies, so you can't see these scenes anywhere else anyway. It's a real shocker video. It's necessary.

What is the Skinny Puppy show promising the next time out?
Well, we were in the process of setting up a stage show. We were to be on tour at this time. Originally, the 'Mutants' tour was to start on November 18, then Jourgensen came down with mononucleosis. Our intention was to continue along in the same fashion as on the viviSECTvi tour, but obviously we're not going to go out again and do the same show. We were right up to the point of coming to terms with what we were going to do this time out, when all of a sudden the thing with Al happened. Plus, there were just too many confusing issues to get this tour happening. And once again we get back to the issue of owning people. We have an agency in L.A. that has booked our last couple of tours who feel that they own us to the point where they aren't going to let us do this tour without paying them a considerable amount of money for doing absolutely nothing. We refused to tour. As of right now, Skinny Puppy is as untogether as it's ever been, and it's totally at the will of the individuals involved to put it back together.

It's your choice as a band to be as fragmented as you are?
Hiatus, as Ogre likes to call it. Yeah, it is, because a few years ago Dwayne and I left for Toronto for our supposed escape. Just two days ago Ogre moved to Chicago and is on his little journey. It all depends how long it takes. But it certainly is not going to stop the individuals involved from producing what they want to. There's probably going to be more projects now than before. At times, I feel like certain individuals won't be around anymore to contribute. That is the impression I've been led to believe about certain things that I actually would not like to go into. But as for Dwayne and myself, the musical tour-de-force behind Skinny Puppy, we are alive and well and continuing on. We have another project that's just the two of us which is geared towards the film soundtrack side of things. It's called Doubting Thomas. We have a double album due out in May. We've always been doing stuff like that, it's just that we've never released it before.

I'm sure the real hardcore Skinny Puppy fans will be like, "Well, what about the band?" But I think it's time. I really think it's time to sit back and just let time tell. I can't say for sure whether we'll be back together again, doing another album.

FOOTNOTES

1. Staci Bonner. "Bloody Rock: Skinny Puppy's Morbid Extremes" in Spin. Dec 1988. p. 15.

2. Andy Dunkley. "Ministry of Mayhem" in Rockpool. Nov 15, 1988. p. 15.

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THE DEMONS

"... we're not really chasing our own tails, we can pursue the edges of the horizon for many thousands of musical miles."

Three o'clock on a Saturday afternoon and as yet there are only a handful of patrons in the bar at the Yale Hotel. The Demons are the house band and they start the regular weekend jam more or less punctually, opening with a set of their own before turning the stage over to other musicians. The place will be hopping in an hour and a half, especially if it is raining, but the cognoscenti know to show up early for the choice seats and the Demons at their loosest, laid-back best.

The set inevitably begins with an instrumental, something like "Blue Stu," the jazzy Robben Ford/Charlie Musselwhite mood piece, or the loping Mar-Keys classic "Last Night." If Dave Vidal is sitting in with his Hammond B-3 organ, "Green Onions" may kick things off. But "Last Night" seems to set the tone best. Two-thirds of the way through the instrumental guitarist Tim Hearsey and bassist and band leader Jack Lavin step up to their mikes, crooning in unison "aaahh... last night!" Pause, and then WHAM, in come the drums and the bass like sixteen tons, thumping out the bottom-heavy groove which is the band's trademark. Uh-huh. The musicians and the scattered patrons feel themselves coming back to life. The primal juices start to flow, for the sound is very basic: black Rhythm and Blues, the sort of thing you might have heard around 1968 in some out-of-the-way roadhouse anywhere between Chicago and New Orleans — the pipeline, the musical heartland of America. But, this is Vancouver, this is Canada, and we're now into the 90s, so just what are these guys doing?

During a conversation I had recently with Jack Lavin, the veteran musician supplied a very good answer: "I've found an uptempo, dance-oriented style of the blues to be the most excellent form of music to listen to or play, and that's my own personal taste and that's exactly why I pursue it. It seems to have more soul and more emotion than any other musical form I've come across." This is not to say that just any form of blues-derived popular music appeals to Lavin. After five years of "touring, recording, and writing for Powder Blues," the band he established in 1978 with his brother Tom, Lavin "left to pursue a more bluesier form of music," eventually joining forces with Al Wailin' Walker. "The Powder Blues had gotten a little too commercial for my tastes," Lavin admits. Likewise, "divergent musical directions" were responsible for Lavin and Walker recently parting company after several years together, Walker to pursue his "harder, rock-edge and whiter music" as Lavin describes it, and "us with our black Chicago blues derivation."

Despite the eventual dissension, the Wailin' Demons —as they were known until Walker's departure — quickly established themselves as Vancouver's premier pick-up band for touring American bluesmen. They've played behind Taj Mahal, Johnny Heartsman, Guitar Shorty, Otis Rush, and Lowell Fulson, among others. During Guitar Shorty's visits to town (the uncontested champion of the mid-solo, flying forward roll) the Demons mesh so perfectly with his blues-funk approach that band and front man might well have been playing together for years. The backing, if always topnotch, is not so well integrated by every headliner, however. A recent two night date featuring Lowell Fulson with the Demons, while thoroughly professional, was a little frustrating from the audience's point of view. Fulson has a wonderful, hard-style gospel voice and is a more than adequate guitar player, but he was great apart from, instead of together with, the Demons. Had Fulson only given Hearsey and Vidal some space to solo he may have been pleasantly surprised. Says Lavin: "Hey, when we're hired in that capacity we're hired to do a job and that's to make that person look as good as they possibly can and any which way they want to handle us that's fine with us. We're professionals; we know our place. If they want to give us solos we're only too happy to take 'em, if they don't want to give any, we're still only too happy to make them look as good as they can be made." Which the Demons invariably do.

But intense interaction between musicians is what drives everyone involved to their peak, and no better evidence of this came the second night of Otis Rush's Yale date a couple of years back. Rush, probably the greatest tonal blues player alive (and what separates the blues guitarists from the rest of the pack if not their tone?), went head to head with Al Walker in an extended back and forth solo, the two exchanging lead lines and producing some of the most delicious music the Yale has ever heard. Certainly a magical moment for those lucky enough to have been there. Lavin remembers the night well: "Otis was the most interesting of all the players that we've backed in that he was totally selfless with regards to his own personal show. He told us during a little rehearsal: 'When I take a solo' — he looked at Willie MacCalder — 'I want you to take a solo.' He says: 'Now when I take a solo, Al Walker, I want you to take a solo.' He just wanted a boiling blues cacophony happening all the time. That was the best gig I ever did here for sure." Obviously, living legends only increase in magnitude if they prove themselves flexible.

With Walker having left the Demons — and, incidentally, sounding strong in his new trio — the musical onus now falls on Tim Hearscy, and fortunately he is more than up to the job. Hearsey is a longtime associate of Lavin's, the two having met in 1974 on the East Hastings strip, which was home to the blues at the time. Both were new to Vancouver then, Lavin from Chicago via San Francisco and Hearsey a transplanted Englishman. In the ensuing interval they've played together on and off in various bands, and have been reunited now about three years. I might as well say it. Given the amount of time he puts in on various stages around town, and given the surprisingly few people who seem to recognize his name, Tim Hearsey has to be Vancouver's best-kept musical secret. Quiet and unassuming offstage, he's nothing short of a natural behind his blue Fender copy, a consummate guitarist who can flash his musical pedigree with a seeming flick of the wrist. Not that Hearsey is a showoff. Far from it. His style rides on understatement and discipline. Fluid, economical, and above all, soul-drenched, Hearsey's guitar is what lifts the Demon's sound to peaks which are occasionally extraordinary. His guitar bites, it sears, his surefooted electric patterns weave in and out of the structure laid down by the other instruments, endlessly inventive but never losing that essential contact with the groove. He plays like he really means it. His voice seems to match. While not a heavy voice, it has the same soulful ambience, the same authenticity as his instrument. Together they generate a most convincing art — white R&B every bit as dynamic and raw as its black counterpart. In fact, Hearsey is probably better than a lot of the people he backs. As I said jokingly to a friend: "Timmy doesn't play the next note before you've finished listening to the last one." And in the world of million-note, but emotionally cold guitar solos, such an approach is truly gratifying.

So, where does this leave the current version of the Demons — Hearsey, Lavin, and drummer Rex Fugard — a bluecollar and bluesy group of maturing musicians in a city which seems content to consult MTV about what it should be listening to. A recent video and two cassette releases, Hottest Brand (1987) and Hair of the Dog (recorded live at the Yale this summer and available directly from the band), indicate the Demons mean business, but not just any business. No sellout, Lavin maintains: "I don't think any of us can help what we are. We're all too mature of musicians to say, oh well, heli, we'll sellout, we'll go play rock and roll. We're all older guys now, you know, and MTV reveals that it's a young man's game. Well that's fine. I've been asked before what do you hope to achieve pursuing blues music. Well, fortunately for us the Blues and Rhythm and Blues encompasses such a wild, almost infinite variety of styles and feelings and tempos and chord changes and lyric subject matter that, you know, we're not really chasing our own tails, we can pursue the edges of the horizon for many thousands of musical miles. The guys that come through from Chicago are a testament; each one is their own universe."

I, for one, hope the Demons do get the break talent and artistic integrity deserve, but if they don't the fault won't be theirs. Blame the straightjacketed music industry and its hopeless policy of excluding bona fide roots music everywhere. In the meantime more Vancouverites might take notice of the gold to be found in their own backyard — a slightly shabby, hundred-year-old brick joint on lower Granville.

Lachlan Murray
The Blues and Soul Show
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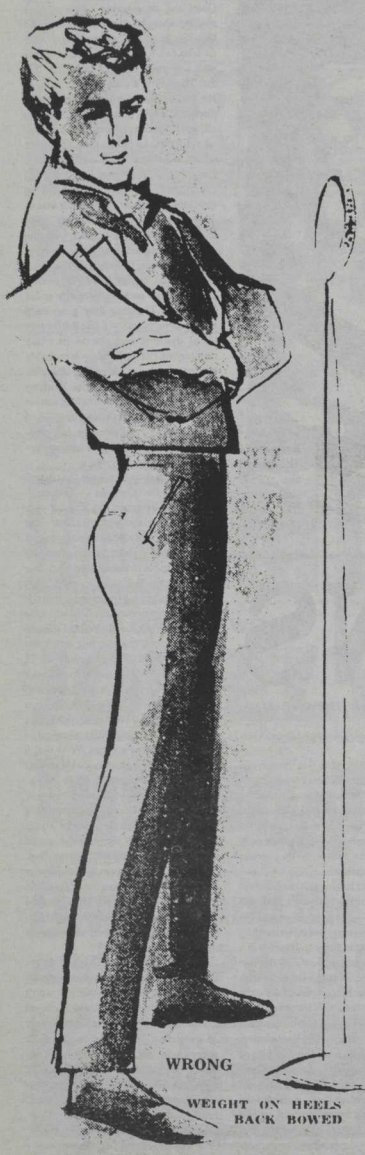
CONDUCTING AN INTERVIEW



An Interview Primer Kit by Rob Boper

There are few Great Pleasures in Life: Sex, Money, Cars and Interviews. Now that I no longer have the first three, I am forced to concentrate on the latter. Which isn't really all that bad — you don't usually have to wear a condom during an Interview; when you are poor you don't have to worry about your shiny new dollar coins falling out of your pocket every time you sit down; and most Interviews are Environmentally Friendly. What more could you ask for in life? And on top of that, you get to speak to someone way more famous than you. Most triumphant.

So I got to thinking, "Hey, The Bope, since you are now leading a condom-free, looney-free, environmentally friendly lifestyle, while at the same time speaking to people way more famous than yourself, and 'tis the season to be jolly falalalalalalalala (okay, so no it's not, but I've always wanted to type falalalalalalalala), why don't you share your new and improved lifestyle with the tens of thousands of loyal Discorder readers so that they too can partake in this newly found method of Happiness?" So that's what I'm doing. Gosh, I'm nice.

HOW TO FIND TRUE HAPPINESS THROUGH INTERVIEWS

1. FIND SOMEONE TO INTERVIEW

A very important element of the process, for if you have no one to interview then you must interview yourself, which immediately disqualifies you from finding True Happiness through Interviews because you are not interviewing someone more famous than yourself — you'd then have to rely upon Sex, Money and Cars for Happiness, and we all know how dangerous that can be. And interviewing yourself is far too close to masturbating, which of course causes blindness.

It should not be difficult to find a prospective interviewee. Just look for someone who would not normally give you the time of day. Other things to look for when searching out somebody to interview: tied shoelaces, matching socks, leather clothing, designer sunglasses, recent dental work, multiple time zone watches, briefcases with combination locks, monogrammed anythings, lots of keys. Don't

waste your time with people who have: gym bags and/or knapsacks, clothing from beer companies, open flies, bus passes, stubble (face or leg), Vancouver Canuck jerseys, body odour, or a copy of The Province. Most importantly, avoid readers of The Province. You really don't want to talk to them, and they can probably only SPEAK IN HEADLINES anyway.

2. PREPARE SOME QUESTIONS

Once you've decided who you are going to interview, you need to decide what to talk to them about; unless you have a really nice smile, then you can just dazzle them with your teeth. This approach does not work often, except when interviewing Province readers, in which case you can pretend you are the Smile of the Day.

Avoid topics like Sex, Money, and Cars since chances are they have lots of these things whereas you have none, which is why you are doing the interview in the first place. It can get kind of depressing and lead to you crying, which tends to put a damper on the whole interview thing. Conversation topics range from jello to sex (sometimes uses of jello in sex), to Gorbachev and world politics (or uses of jello in world politics). It all depends on whom you are interviewing and what category of interviewee they fall under. There are three main categories.

i) ROCK STARS WITH EGOS THE SIZE OF BC PLACE

Perhaps the easiest of the three groups to interview. Once you get them going they will not stop unless their drugs wear off and their tour manager doesn't have anymore on hand. They like to talk about themselves, themselves, and/or themselves. Under the heading of "themselves," Rock Stars with Big Egos are most likely to talk about: their penis size (males only), how good they are (on stage and in bed), how bad everyone else is (on stage and in bed), booze and drugs (how much they can drink and smoke/inject), guitars (or other instrument), or how they had to beat THE SYSTEM to get where they are today.

Once the Rock Star with Big Ego begins to talk there is no problem. However, his/her body odour may throw your concentration off and you may forget what you are doing, so I have prepared a few questions that you can use as icebreakers until you adjust to the smell that is permeating the room. But be forewarned, they may never stop talking; maybe take a good book with you or something.

Some Good Questions to Get the Conversation Going:

a) So, (name of Rock Star with Big Ego and Constant Erection), I heard, and this is only a rumour, that you stuff the front of your pants with cucumbers. Is this true?

Standard Response: "Who the fuck told you that? That's bull shit, man! Let me tell you this — it hangs down to my knees, man. My last album wasn't called 'Three Feet of Hot Love' because of my height. Hell, I need a double bed just to masturbate. I shouldn't tell you this, man, but after this one concert, these four love bitches came up to my room..."

b) Many people have compared you to (another Rock Star with an Equally Big Ego but Not Nearly as Big of Cucumber). Is that fair?

Standard Response: "Who the fuck told you that? That's bullshit, man! Let me tell you this — I could blow that bastard off the stage with one hand tied behind my back. Shit, man, one concert I broke three strings on my axe and I still caused half the audience to orgasm during 'Purple Haze.' I tell ya, there were these four love bitches in the audience..."

c) Many experts feel that to male Rock Stars, like yourself (subtle ego stroke), the guitar is nothing more than an extension of their sexuality. Any comments?

Standard Response: "At least they got the fuckin' size right..." (see a) for further details)

ii) THE THOUGHTFUL ROCK STAR

(Warning!!! Only interview these people if you can't find a rock star with a big ego!!!)

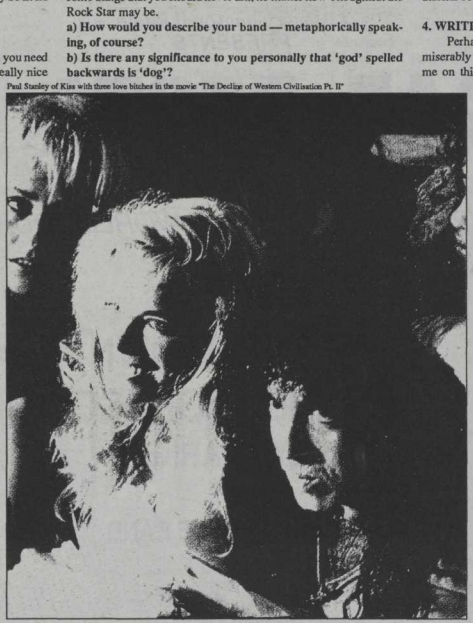
You have to be more careful with these people because they actually know what they are talking about; as a result, you must be prepared. However, you needn't worry too much, as this scenario isn't likely to occur since there are only five or six genuine Thoughtful Rock Stars on this planet, and they have better things to do than talk to you or me.

Since you must be more prepared, you need to have more questions. Touch upon subjects that are covered in his or her music, as well as events currently prominent in the media. However, there are some things that you should never ask, no matter how Thoughtful the Rock Star may be.

a) How would you describe your band — metaphorically speaking, of course?

b) Is there any significance to you personally that 'god' spelled backwards is 'dog'?

Paul Stanley of Kiss with three love bitches in the movie "The Decline of Western Civilization Pt. II"



c) Is your breath always this bad?

And when interviewing a Female Thoughtful Rock Star —

d) So, was it hard sleeping your way to the top?

Standard Response To Any Of These Questions: "Have you had a fucking lobotomy lately?" or the equally effective "Did someone forget about you during evolution?" Both of these usually signal the end of the interview and the realization that not only do you not have Sex, Money or a Car, but you no longer even have an Interview. Life can be cruel, can't it?

iii) ANYBODY ELSE

The most fun you can have with this group is to ask them the same questions that you would ask an Ego Bloated Rock Star; you tend to get great answers.

For example, if you were to ask Bill Vander Zalm if Fantasy Gardens is an extension of his sexuality, you might receive a response something like this: "Well, The Bope, who really knows what sexuality is? But one thing I do know is that if the NDP ever got into power in B.C. there would be sex in the streets, condoms in the schools, and home abortion kits. Is that what we, as Christians, want? That's why it's important that we have an efficient, equal, and elected senate. Thank you very much for voting for me in Oak Bay. And I anticipate your support in the next election. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a job to finish. Amen."

See what I mean?

3. ACTUALLY CONDUCTING THE INTERVIEW

By far the least important and least fun of all the steps to finding True Happiness through Interviews.

This is when all your preconceived notions about the person you are interviewing are either confirmed, if you thought he/she was a jerk to begin with, or shattered, if you were stupid enough to interview someone you actually like. (A word of caution: DO NOT INTERVIEW SOMEONE YOU RESPECT OR ADMIRE unless you enjoy finding out that your hero is an Insensitive Oaf/Drug Addict/Airhead/Pawn of the Establishment/Nosepicker.)

So Just Do It and get it over with. You can always take everything that has been said and change it all around anyway; which leads us to...

4. WRITING THE FINISHED PRODUCT

Perhaps the hardest part because once the interview has failed miserably you will not want to deal with the thing ever again — trust me on this one. That's why it's important to remember that the interview is the least significant part of finding True Happiness through Interviews.

There is no basic formula for turning an interview into an article but there are a few basic approaches.

i) A Script of the Conversation

Yawner. Face it, any reader doesn't give a damn what you have to say, even if you are Rob Boper, which you aren't because I am. The article is only being read because you are interviewing someone more famous than yourself, and in all likelihood, the reader as well. And quite often even your Rock Star will have very little of interest to say. This method doesn't usually work except with Thoughtful Rock Stars. But, might I suggest as an alternative...

ii) Taking Everything Out of Context

Through the process of decontextualization you can turn this —

Discorder: What do you think about the recent events in Eastern Europe? (note: Obviously a Thoughtful Rock Star is being interviewed.)

Thoughtful Rock Star: I think it's great, it will help solve all the tensions in the world. It's been a long time coming.

into this —

Discorder: Any thoughts on the legalization of bestiality, heroin and public masturbation?

Thoughtful Rock Star Taken Out of Context: I think it's great, it will help solve all the tensions in the world. It's been a long time coming.

Makes much better reading, doesn't it? This is fun but tends to result in those nasty L-words— Lawsuit and Libel. But unless you are the editor of the publication you needn't concern yourself with such trivialities.

iii) Just Make Everything Up

This usually works the best and is what I like to do. Just take one or two strands of truth — like PolyGram charging campus radio for records — and let your imagination run wild. It's fun, it's creative and best of all, it's free. Also, this way you don't really need an interview; yet, you will still be happy. The more abstract and bizarre you can make the whole thing sound the more likely some sucker/reader is likely to believe what you, the Almighty Writer, has to say. The reading public is really stupid. Remember this and all will be well. And if you sound like you know what you are talking about, Editors will believe you too. They are only slightly more intelligent than the readers of their publications. I can say this because, as we all know, Mr. Ed rarely reads Discorder anyway. He's a big Cosmo fan.

Conclusion

For centuries humanity has believed that we need Sex, Money and Cars in order to attain a satisfactory level of fulfillment. Right from birth we learn that the only way you can get Fabulous Babes and/or Hunky Boper-like Dudes is if you have a fast red car that takes tight corners, a six digit bank account, and a pack of Beemans.

But times are changing. Sex, Money and Cars can no longer be relied upon for Complete Personal Satisfaction. Face it — Sex is messy and dangerous, Money is nothing but paper, and Cars ruin the environment. What we want — and I think I speak for all of humanity — is clean, purposeful, indoor/outdoor fun. If that doesn't make interviewing the 'Thing' of the Nineties, then I don't know what would. I can see it now: thousands, no tens of thousands, of celibate, impoverished people riding the bus with microphone in hand looking for someone — anyone — to interview. The time is at hand, start now before Interviewing becomes too trendy and it's available at your local 7-11 in three sizes and six different pastel colours.

Nothing's forever, kids, but a good Interview can last a long time.

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REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE

"Castrate him!" screamed a woman, and shook her SAVE SNIFFY sign violently over our heads.

Laurel Wellman Poses The Question

BUT WAS IT ART?

Two hundred people had gathered outside the downtown public library to see performance artist Rick Gibson crush Sniffy the rat under a 25 kilo block of concrete. Uniformed S.P.C.A. officers were stationed in the crowd, although the radical animal rights vigilantes had already made an announcement. The previous night, they said, they had in a peaceful action confiscated the rat-crushing apparatus.

"They broke into his truck and took all the stuff he was going to use," one of the art school punks behind me explained to his friend.

Still, many expressed hope that Gibson might yet arrive with an improvised rat crusher. "Kill Sniffy, kill Sniffy," chanted this faction. The S.P.C.A. van cruised slowly past as police ordered the crowd back onto the sidewalk.

A man in a blue plush rat suit wearing a t-shirt lettered "Rats Have Rights Too" was being interviewed by a camera crew.

"Man, I'm going to climb one of those trees," said one disgruntled spectator. "I can't see worth shit."

"How many of you are vegetarians?" yelled a demonstrator standing on a street bench. Some raised self-conscious hands. He raised his own.

Just then the crowd surged towards Robson. The artist had appeared. "Castrate him! Castrate him!" howled the animal rights activists, an allusion to Gibson's earlier non-performance at which he didn't eat a slice of what turned out not to be a human testicle.

A woman holding an imaginatively felt-penned sign depicting a stick-figure Rick Gibson under a 500lb. weight led a cheer: "Save the rat, crush the artist!" Meanwhile, Gibson was making a speech, unheard by all except those nearest to him.

"Is the rat here? Did he bring the rat?" asked one of the art school punks. No one knew.

Information filtered back through the crowd. Gibson had cancelled the performance and returned Sniffy to Aquariums West on Davie, where the rat would in all likelihood end its existence as python fodder. "So if you want to protest, go protest there!" yelled a Gibson supporter. "It's you people with exotic pets who are the problem."

"What does he mean?" asked someone.

Gibson was leaving, and the crowd was disappointed. "I don't care if he didn't do it. He's still sick," said a teenaged girl.

Then the radicals saw their opportunity and charged towards Gibson. He turned and ran, which, as any animal behaviorist could have told him, was exactly the wrong thing to do. The mob chased him down the opposite side of Burrard Street until, at the entrance to the alley behind Robson, some of the pack caught up with him and began throwing punches. "Oh God," screamed a woman. "Get the police!"

photos by Capt. Ned

"He turned and ran, which, as any animal behaviorist could have told him, was exactly the wrong thing to do."

After a scuffle, Gibson broke free and sprinted across Burrard, closely pursued by bloodthirsty vegetarians and several camera crews.

"The Hotel Vancouver! Yes! Yes!" shouted the young man behind me, anticipating a riot.

Fleeing to the safety of the hotel's security room, Gibson left the crowd milling aimlessly in the lobby. Conflicting groups of animal rights advocates fell to verbally abusing each other. "What he's saying is that we all have to take responsibility for how we live and how that affects other creatures," argued a skinhead.

"I don't call crushing a rat responsible," retorted the woman with the Rick Gibson-under-a-weight sign. "I call it sick. How would you like to be squashed in the street like that poor little animal?"

"It wouldn't bother me," answered the skinhead.

"Oh, I'm sure."

The skinhead became belligerent. "Do you eat meat?"

"I don't eat red meat or chicken."

"Well, do you eat tunafish? Do you know how many dolphins die in fishermen's nets every single day? How about your makeup? They test eye makeup on rabbits."

"I get all my makeup at the Body Shop," answered the woman virtuously. "They don't test anything on animals."

"What about you, anyway?" a man in the crowd asked the skinhead. "Where'd you get that leather jacket?"

The skinhead feigned deafness with Reaganesque aplomb.

An anti-Gibson demonstrator had lost his cool and was yelling at a reporter from the Globe and Mail. "All he wanted was media attention and you guys are giving it to him! Why are you fighting against me?"

"Everyone stop sweating," said a photographer, fanning the fogged lens of his Nikon. Print reporters, desperate to interview anyone who appeared to have an opinion, ducked under microphone booms to reach the man who had heckled the skinhead.

After about ten minutes there was a shout from the end of the lobby. Gibson was escaping through a side exit. Everyone ran out onto the street, but he was gone.

"Let's go get a hamburger," suggested one of the art school punks.

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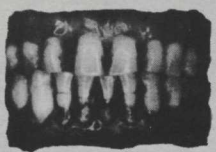

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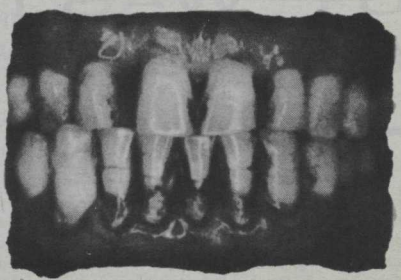


VOXHUNT

by John Ruskin

I love things that smell. One small portable item that happens to emit a totally cheesy, powerful, warped, godlike stench is the legendary Vox organ. Its ready wail and quivering vibrato have been signature sounds on rawk'n'roll records from the '60s right up to today. Indeed, many a lame Elvis Costello, Iron Butterfly, John Boudainesque classic rock tune has been laced with touches of "da" Vox. Nevertheless, fun-loving combos like Blondie, the Specials, ? & the Mysterians, the Doors and the Lyres have all given the Vox Jaguar, Continental and Super-Continental organs a respectable place in history.

In December of 1988, the Voxhunt began — a feverish search for the single Vox organ that would surely bring much joy and enlightenment to my twisted everyday existence. Along the way I ran into some interesting characters and a lot of red tape. To begin with, it became increasingly obvious that a young boy, such as myself, would never have the pleasure that must of been experienced by thousands of teenagers in the '60s — buying a brand new organ. Although the Vox Continental enjoyed a happy resurgence in popularity during the late '70s as new wave bands exploded onto the scene with a technological "back to basics" approach, the England-based Vox company was suffering badly. CBS used to own Vox and distributed its products everywhere except the US and Canada, where, according to Howard Jones' bible, Keyboard Magazine, Thomas International was the sole distributor. But in 1979, CBS sold its rights to the London-based Rose Morris Company, which in turn instructed Thomas to send its parts and schematics to a soon to be bankrupt distributor. Luckily, I came across the name of a Vox fanatic, a one Mr. Daniel E. Hofer, from the stone-faced American Organ Parts company. Apparently his company now held all remaining Vox paraphenalia. Yowzer, whoopie! Voxland here I come! No, no, no, reality soon set in; there was a hitch. Although I knew Danny was sitting on the biggest pile of Vox organs any mortal could imagine, he lied through his teeth and vomited forth the following:

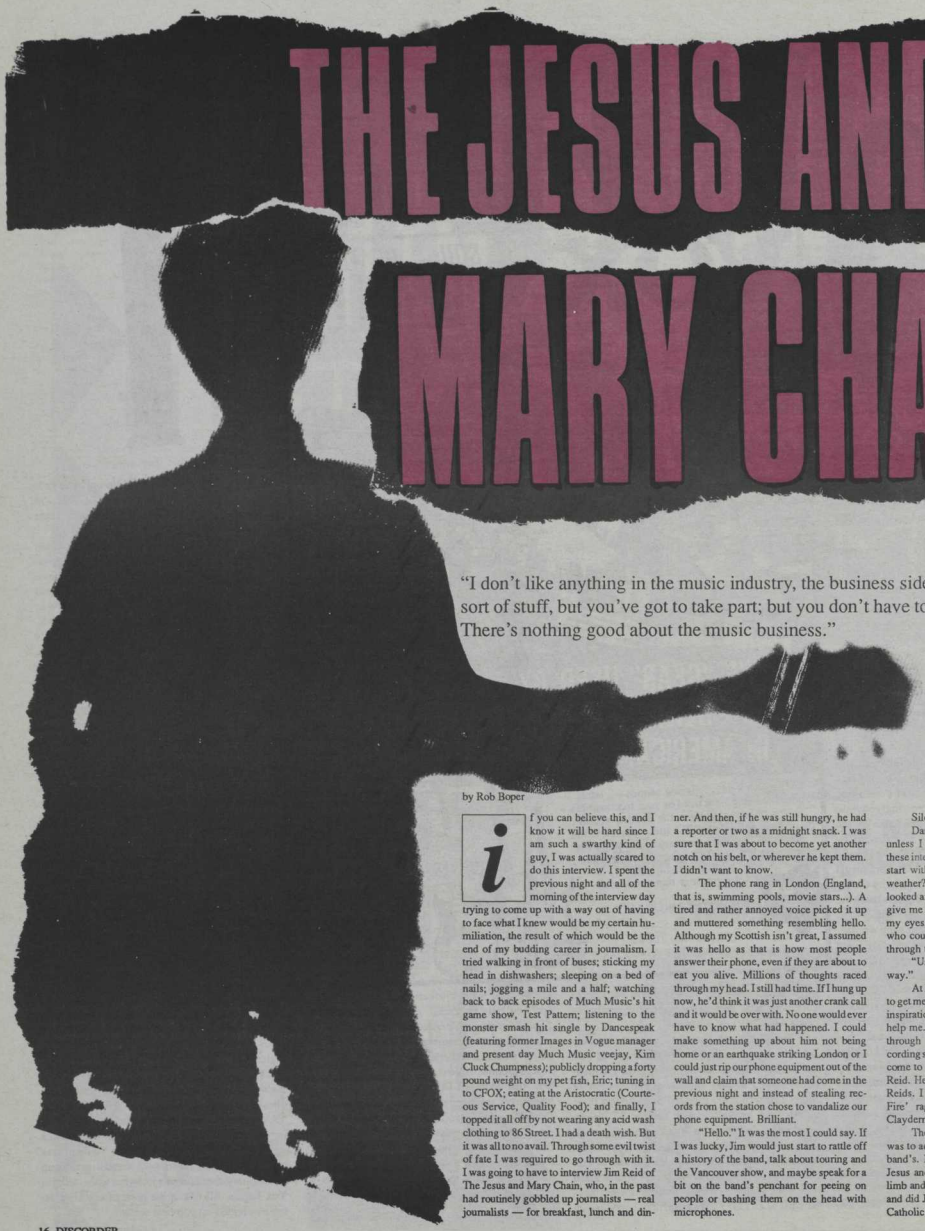
I do not have a Vox organ or know where one might be for sale since these are now considered collectors items and the sale price frequently exceeds what they cost when new.

Sure thing pal, but you and your company couldn't stop me with your big talk. Onwards with the Voxhunt! Disgusted but committed, I, a manchild, turned to that ultimate primo bastion of trashy newsprint, the Buy and Sell. After a three month long love-affair with section 51, to my amazement up popped a Vox organ, with of all things, a Surrey phone number. Eagerly, and with no lack of hormones, I dialed THE number. A Vox it was, a big giant "god is my father" church sized relic with an interesting owner, the former keyboardist of an LG73 CD single, high hoped bunch of "we wear leather jackets while walking spread apart on railway tracks" group called After All. "Thanks anyway, Mr. After All." Desperately, I, a prancing gnome, combed the world further for more Vox contacts. Letter after letter arrived. Some voiced promise of Voxes available at "this address" and "that address". Others tried to peddle microwaves, tvs and even vintage Rickenbackers. The Rose-Morris Company in Great Britain came closest to bringing my body to a state of frenzied flabergastation by presenting a Vox Continental circuit diagram for my own keeping, and to top that off, a copy of the most recent Vox catalogue. A catalogue, ohh yeah baby, a real Vox Catalogue of...brand new 1989 Vox amplifiers designed by the "Vox Development Team." No organs. Nothing. Only a promise: When you choose Vox, you are in the company of the most famous musicians in the world.

Boy, as the seventh month of the Voxhunt came to a close, I, a manically loquacious Vancouverite, was majorly revved up for some action. Seconds became minutes, hours became days and THAT Vox organ never once stopped thumping in my heart. Then Don Greer's letter arrived. Mr. Greer, according to his letterhead, has the "world's largest amp collection," and also owns a Vox Baroque double keyboard. Sounds promising, right? Well, he kindly supplied a few more useless addresses for the Voxhunt file, and then casually mentioned his professional musician status. It turned out I was holding in my greedy, Vox-hungry hands a handwritten, personally annotated letter from the former vocalist of Uriah Heep, DON GREER! "Oh ya, THAT Don Greer," you think to yourself. And the fun name dropping rolled right on; Don had a new super-group with drummer Clive Bunder from Jethro Tull and bass player Dave Anderson from Hawkwind (Lemmy of Motorhead was once the bass player in Hawkwind, believe it or not). Holy lugnuts! Here I am, a highly excitable 21 year old, looking for some lame old cheezy Vox organ, and I get mixed up with this bunch of fat old Englsh bozos. Now don't get me wrong, it was nice of them to respond to my letter and all, but Uriah Heep and Jethro Tull, c'mon, couldn't they waste their time doing something else other than collecting precious, sacred Vox equipment?

Time to go back to the Buy and Sell, the Buy and Sell, THE BUY AND SELL!!! And here it was, on that cool and crisp October evening, in the pages of Vancouver's BUY and SELL—a Vox Jaguar. After 30-60 phone calls, I got through to Mr. Jaguar, actually the boyfriend of Ms. Jaguar, and as quick as you could say "Fab," found myself grooving to the sultry sounds of a beautifully designed, ultra-efficient 1966 hunk of Vox. "Hey Lady, I'LL TAKE IT!" Yahoo! Hurray! Shebang! After 10 months and 300 dollars cash, I became one with a 23 year old Vox Jaguar. While the Voxhunt was over, there still lay much work ahead in practising rudimentary chords on a somewhat worn, reddish Vox Jaguar. All this in the hope of cracking the modern hotted-up pop-beat scene.

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN



"I don't like anything in the music industry, the business side of it. I hate all that sort of stuff, but you've got to take part; but you don't have to like it. And I don't. There's nothing good about the music business."

by Rob Boper

If you can believe this, and I know it will be hard since I am such a swarthy kind of guy, I was actually scared to do this interview. I spent the previous night and all of the morning of the interview day trying to come up with a way out of having to face what I knew would be my certain humiliation, the result of which would be the end of my budding career in journalism. I tried walking in front of buses; sticking my head in dishwashers; sleeping on a bed of nails; jogging a mile and a half; watching back to back episodes of Much Music's hit game show, Test Pattern; listening to the monster smash hit single by Dancespeak (featuring former Images in Vogue manager and present day Much Music veejay, Kim Cluck Chumpness); publicly dropping a forty pound weight on my pet fish, Eric; tuning in to CFOX; eating at the Aristocratic (Courteous Service, Quality Food); and finally, I topped it all off by not wearing any acid wash clothing to 86 Street. I had a death wish. But it was all to no avail. Through some evil twist of fate I was required to go through with it. I was going to have to interview Jim Reid of The Jesus and Mary Chain, who, in the past had routinely gobbled up journalists — real journalists — for breakfast, lunch and dinner. And then, if he was still hungry, he had a reporter or two as a midnight snack. I was sure that I was about to become yet another notch on his belt, or wherever he kept them. I didn't want to know.

The phone rang in London (England, that is, swimming pools, movie stars...). A tired and rather annoyed voice picked it up and muttered something resembling hello. Although my Scottish isn't great, I assumed it was hello as that is how most people answer their phone, even if they are about to eat you alive. Millions of thoughts raced through my head. I still had time. If I hung up now, he'd think it was just another crank call and it would be over with. No one would ever have to know what had happened. I could make something up about him not being home or an earthquake striking London or I could just rip our phone equipment out of the wall and claim that someone had come in the previous night and instead of stealing records from the station chose to vandalize our phone equipment. Brilliant.

"Hello." It was the most I could say. If I was lucky, Jim would just start to rattle off a history of the band, talk about touring and the Vancouver show, and maybe speak for a bit on the band's penchant for peeing on people or bashing them on the head with microphones.

Silence.

Damn it. He wasn't going to say a word unless I asked a question. That's the way these interviews usually work. What to start with: 'How are you?' or 'How's the weather?' A major decision. In a panic I looked around for help, someone that could give me inspiration. I saw no one. I closed my eyes, trying to think of a higher being who could help me, someone to guide me through this.

"Use the Force, The Bope. It is the only way."

At last, someone had come to save me, to get me through this interview. A source of inspiration for millions, he was now here to help me. A sudden surge of adrenaline ran through my entire body. International recording star/pianist Richard Clayderman had come to guide me. I was now ready for Jim Reid. Hell, I was ready for an army of Jim Reids. I had the theme from 'Chariots of Fire' raging through my head. Richard Clayderman was with me.

The first task for my revitalized self was to address the name. Not Jim's, but the band's. Not many band's are named The Jesus and Mary Chain. So I went out on a limb and asked where the name came from, and did Jim and his brother William go to a Catholic school in Glasgow together or were

they really Satanists trying to spread blasphemy throughout the land.

There was silence. A sweat broke on my brow. I quickly calculated how much this moment of stillness was costing the station on its phone bill. Seventeen cents. Then He spoke.

"My brother, good old William, made that name up. There's not really any story that goes with it. I don't know where he got that name from, I'm his brother and I don't know where the fuck he got it from. It just came out of William's head. I suppose that gives you a really good idea of what type of person William must be. We said, 'William we need a name,' and he just made it up.

"We have no religious background at all, we grew up in a completely non-religious environment. Our parents just weren't interested in any religion at all. It's not as if we had the opposite preached at us, we just never heard of religion at all. It's probably a good thing we were brought up that way."

Buoyed by my initial success and armed with the knowledge that the spirit of the world's greatest pianist was inside my heart, I decided to press on. I was here to serve my station/magazine and I would either succeed or die trying.

After the name, the most obvious aspect of the band was the enormous wall of sound that dominated their first album, "Psychocandy." Enquiring readers want to know where that sound came from - was it a conscious decision or did you accidentally turn your amps up too loud one day?

"There's a lot of different reasons. One is, at the time, we could hardly play. William had only been playing guitar for a couple of months before we were gigging. And when you can't play you tend to use your imagination if you can't do the technical side of things. It's good when you're forced into a situation where you're forced to use your head, and that's what we've done. And all the equipment we were using was old and fucked, so what came out naturally made that sound (feedback). We liked it. We thought it was fine — that's the way we thought we should sound."

So they found their sound. It was a sound that made me almost return the first Jesus and Mary Chain record I ever bought, the single, "You Trip Me Up." I was sure it was a mistake; I mean, why would anybody want to sound like that? Fortunately, I was too shy to return the record to the store. I had a fear that they would laugh me out of the place. There was only one solution: I went and bought another copy. Well, what do you know, it sounded exactly like the first one. And even worse, I began to like it. There was no turning back. Feedback quickly became a way of life for me. I began to distort all my words when speaking. I hummed 'You Trip Me Up' everywhere I went (this is much harder than it sounds, try humming feedback). Life became even more pleasant as "Psychocandy" was released, a record many critics called the best record ever. A strange feeling for any band, especially one that had just released their first album.

"It was scary. The response was a surprise in way. I mean, we thought it was a great record, but we didn't think as many other people would agree with us. So that was a shock. It scared the shit out of me. How can you follow up that kind of reaction? A couple of the reviews even said we should split up because we couldn't possibly top 'Psychocandy.' That was quite worrying."

"As a result, (the recording of 'Darklands,' the second album), was a really weird time. I think we were a little too aware of the fact that we couldn't do 'Psychocandy' again. And because of that, it sounded so different because we thought it had to. Looking back on it now, 'Darklands' didn't have to sound so different. I think that maybe it was a mistake that we deliberately tried to take it in a different direction than 'Psychocandy.' I love 'Darklands,' I think it's a great record, but to me it sounds like a nervous record. We were uptight when we made that record and I think it comes across."

So the feedback that at first confused us (well, maybe just me) and then fascinated us, was gone. Just like that. Now feedback fanatics across this great expanse of land known as Canada are forced to play Jesus and Mary Chain albums with the treble turned up, the bass turned down, and preferably in large cement rooms that have plenty of echo. Times have changed.

"I think it was a conscious decision to drop the feedback from the record. There were a lot of reasons why — we learned to play better and we had better equipment, but from the very beginning we though of ourselves as songwriters. It may sound a bit boring to say it, but we were really proud of the songs we had written. And we got bored with people talking non-stop about the guitar sound — (Hint to interviewer #107: This is a subtle way of Jim telling me that if I ask him any questions about their guitar sound he will probably terminate the interview quicker than Stu Jefferies can say 'Milli Vanilli.' Therefore, my next two questions went the way of Pilot One). We wanted to do an album where people would talk about the songs and the songs only. So we tried to make a 'songs' record."

"It'd be a lie if I said I enjoy it every night, though. Some nights it's hell. Some nights you don't want to do it, some nights you do. It's the same with everybody who tours, you can't possibly switch 'n mood on. But generally touring is fun."

"We still don't talk to the audience, but I wouldn't call that ignoring them. Why should we talk to the audience? I don't know the audience and if I don't know them then why should I speak to them. They don't talk to me either."

I guess I see Jim's point on this one. But if we all wore name tags, and maybe if there was a preconcert party at some hotel, one that had a spare room to trash, then we could all get to know each other a little better, have a few beer, and maybe watch some wrestling on the big screen. Then the world would be a happier place and Jim would introduce the band.

Like any other tour in this world, except for Prism gigs around town and the Shirley Jones thing with the VSO, there is a reason for the Jesus and Mary Chain tour — the new album. "Automatic" is the third installment of The Mary Chain's contribution to our record collections (not counting the B-Side compilation album and a myriad of singles, all worthy contributions to society) and probably their most consistent and, dare I say, accessible venture thus far. Which is good. You see, contrary to what most of us may think, accessible is not a dirty word. It means that it can be listened to without taking half-hour breaks between songs. It does not mean that CFOX or LG73 will drag "Automatic" into overplay hell, but it does mean that more people can stomach it than, say, "Psychocandy." Which does not make it better, just more accessible. Got it? Jim can explain it far better than I.

"What we tried to do with the record was get a bit of everything in it. A bit of 'Psychocandy,' a bit of 'Darklands,' and the sort of sound we had on 'Sidewalking.' We tried to get the best of all the sides of the Mary Chain on one record. That was the plan when we went to the studio. And I think we succeeded. After 'Darklands' we had nothing to worry about, our confidence was there."

The band had their confidence up and with that their reputation as the baddest bad boys of British pop soared as well. Stories flew around about riots at concerts, pissing on journalists (see why I was scared), and trashing of clubs, hotels and drummers. None of it sounded too mature, but was it true or just some hype from a Warner Brothers promo department with too much time on their hands?

"It's true, I guess, in a way. But having said that, it's the easiest thing in the world to be a bad boy in the world of pop music. Music in the 1980's and going into the '90's is so incredibly safe. Everybody plays it to the safest possible formula. And to be a bad boy, to be considered outrageous, is not a difficult thing. I don't think we're outrageous, I think we're pretty normal, ordinary people. But in the pop business, normal guys... It's a business full of asslickers, basically, who just do what's expected. And if anybody's got a mind of their own it tends to upset people."

Which is what the Jesus and Mary Chain do best, other than write songs, that is. The people they like to piss off the most seem to be (if you guessed concert goers take two demerit points) record company people/swine. Jim doesn't seem to think they have much purpose, except for...

"Maybe we have more money than what we would have got from an indie, but I don't think we've had very much promotion in comparison to some indies. I don't think it's got in the way. I think people blame major record companies too much for their own mistakes. A record label is a record label, whether it's indie or whether it's major, they're doing the same thing, they're out to sell records. It doesn't matter if you're on Warner Brothers or on Rough Trade, you're dealing with the same kind of mentality — people that want to sell records. And if you're sure of what you want to do, you'll do it yourself anyway, it doesn't matter what label you're on. And that's the way we've always approached it. Nobody has ever told us how to make a record. They've tried, but you just don't listen. We make Jesus and Mary Chain records the way we want to hear them and nobody can really interfere with that if you don't want them to."

And so they did. "Darklands" did well, but was a disappointing follow up to "Psychocandy." Unfortunately, anything short of rereleasing "Psychocandy" would have been. And to their credit, the band tried to do something different instead of relying on the feedback thing. It took courage. It took guts. It alienated a lot of fans. And so did the live shows. There were some real stinkers. The first time through, after the release of "Psychocandy," The Jesus and Mary Chain played twenty minute sets of sonic blur with their backs to the audience, completely oblivious to anyone or anything. The band seemed to have but one goal — to get off stage as quickly as possible. It seemed as if the last thing that the Reid brothers wanted to do was tour.

"No, no, we did enjoy it. I just think that rock and roll audiences have been spoiled. They expect a band to walk on, smile at them and wave and all that kind of phony bullshit. We don't do that but it doesn't mean that we're not having fun. People don't always smile. It's unnatural to walk about with a stupid smile on your face, (sure, now someone tells me). It's unnatural to introduce yourself to complete strangers, a whole mass of them. We stand on stage and do what we're supposed to. We play songs and they're damn good songs and we're doing them very well. I appreciate that people have come to see us do them, but it doesn't mean I'm going to introduce myself and the band and all that shit. That's the show business side of what we do and I hate the show business side of it. We're musicians, it's as simple as that."

But if I were running a major commercial record label (a dangerous and equally unlikely prospect, I know) I'd be terrified of this band simply because of the name and the amount of leather that they wear. What kind of Satan worshippers would name their band The Jesus and Mary Chain? Your typical straight and narrow family kinda record exec must be scared to death of dealing with this gang of heathens.

"I think so, ya, I think they are. I think record companies are scared for different reasons. I think they are scared because they can't understand why we make music because it seems that most people around today make music for the same reasons — just simply to become successful and rich. And record companies don't understand when people are making music for reasons other than that, for the love of music. And they can't deal with that. It seems like it really shocks people when you just want to really make a good record. People say, 'Well, why don't you do it like U2, they sell bucketloads?' Fuck, I don't want to do it like that, I'd rather do it like this. Record companies are a bit scared by that kind of attitude and approach."

"I don't like anything in the music industry, the business side of it. I hate all that sort of stuff, but you've got to take part; but you don't have to like it. And I don't. There's nothing good about the music business."

"That's the way the music business is, that's what it's all about. It's all about people making money off of groups they really don't care about. I know there's a lot of people that work for Warners that like our group. That's quite encouraging because it took us a long time to understand that. It took us years to understand that some of these people could be into the band, because we went in with the idea that, 'They work for the record label, they don't give a shit about us.' That's true in a lot of cases, but there are some people who do like the band. But the music business is full of people who don't give a shit, they're just making money."

Enough about the ugly business side of things. I'm starting to get depressed. On the up side of things...

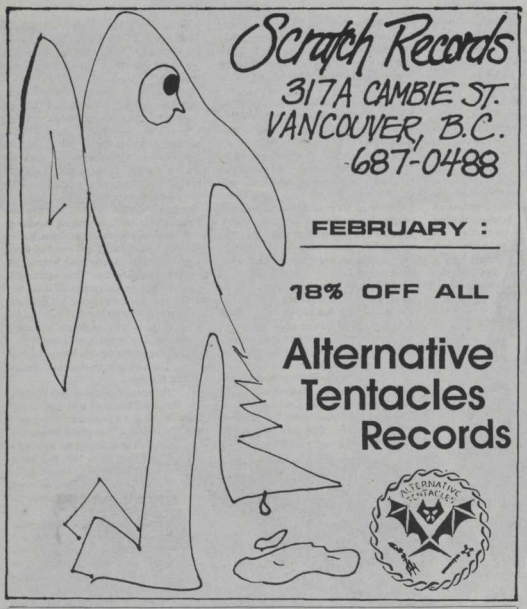
"The core of the band, me, William, and Douglas (Hart, cool bass god) is still there. We've got a permanent drummer, a guy called Richard Thomas (not the one with the mole). He's been drumming with us for a year and a half, two years. He's more or less like a full time member of the band. And we've got a rhythm guitar player that we use for the live set."

Now, this bodes well for the concert. As much as I really like the band, I've been leery to shell out the bucks to go see them at the Commodore because their last tour sucked in a way that you could not even imagine unless you saw Glee at Shindig. I saw the Mary Chain show in Toronto (the greatest city in all the world — really, just ask anyone from the big T.O.) when Jim decided it was time to use the microphone to bash someone's head in. So he did. And he did a pretty good job of it, too. It was kind of like going to a hockey game; which probably would have made for a better concert. So I am quite happy to hear the word 'drummer' used in connection with this tour because the drum machine just didn't cut it musically. I got really brave (and it was the end of the interview so even if Jim hung up on me I'd at least have a good ending) and asked him about the logic (or complete absence of it) in bringing a drum machine on tour instead of the real thing.

"The drum machine tour came about because before that tour we actually auditioned 25 drummers or something like that. We just couldn't find anybody that would fit in with the band. We decided rather than take a bad drummer we'd be better off just to do a drum machine. I've got nothing against machines. It just seemed like a good idea at the time. It never worked out. I think that tour was probably one of the worst ones we've done since the very beginning. I think the gigs these days with Richard playing drums are a whole lot better."

Now that's what I wanted to hear. My faith in the Jesus and Mary Chain has been restored. My doubting days are over. My expectations have been raised. I want to hear the evil sounds of the Mary Chain blasted at me through a sound system twice the size of my apartment. I survived what I was sure would be my last interview. All that worrying and fretting over nothing. Jim's right, they are just an ordinary group of guys looking to have some fun. But then most ordinary guys I know aren't in a band called the Jesus and Mary Chain. Jim puts it all in perspective.

"It's all about having fun. If you start to think about whether or not you are going to be Mick Jagger, then it's just not worth it."



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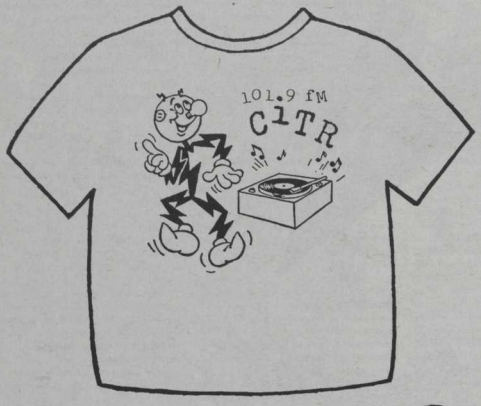

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Melody: The True Story Of A Nude Dancer
By Sylvie Rancourt with Jacques Boivin
Published by Kitchen Sink Comix

Have you ever wondered what kind of people work in the sex industries? Are the strip clubs full of voyeurs and exhibitionists or are there real people with real feelings connected to these cliches? In what is perhaps the first major comic to exclusively present itself from the eyes and mind of a woman, Melody is a breakthrough in both its content and its liberating point of view. Sylvie Rancourt is a writer/artist and a nude dancer. She worked the strip club circuit in Quebec, specifically Montreal, for nine years and all the while recorded her impressions and thoughts in a graphic journal. When her customers began to make positive comments about her cartoons, Sylvie decided to publish her work in a autobiographical comic book format. The original comic, published in French only by Editions du Phylactere of Montreal, was a commercial and artistic success. The translated English version, now being published by Kitchen Sink Comix, is a simple triumph.

Sylvie's (or Melody's) origins are humble and eloquent. Born and raised in Abatibi a village in rural Quebec, at eighteen years of age Melody decides to leave the comforts of the country and try her hand at life in the BIG city. Unskilled and unable to find traditional employment, Melody connects with some friends from the village who introduce her to the sex industry where she becomes a table dancer. Thus, the basic plot offers no revelations or hidden agenda, a small town girl goes to the city and is corrupted by its wickedness, right? Not quite.

Melody has an amazing gift. She has a grounded common sense that belies her years. Her ability to read people and events is uncanny and totally refreshing, as is her natural attitude towards human sexuality. The first four issues have included scenes of intercourse, voyeurism, group frolics, masturbation and saphic sex but all of these exploits are handled with a loving sensitivity that defies their cold description on the page. Needless to say, the comik is sold from under the glass case at the Comicshop but many younger people could do worse than to learn about these activities from such an honest source.

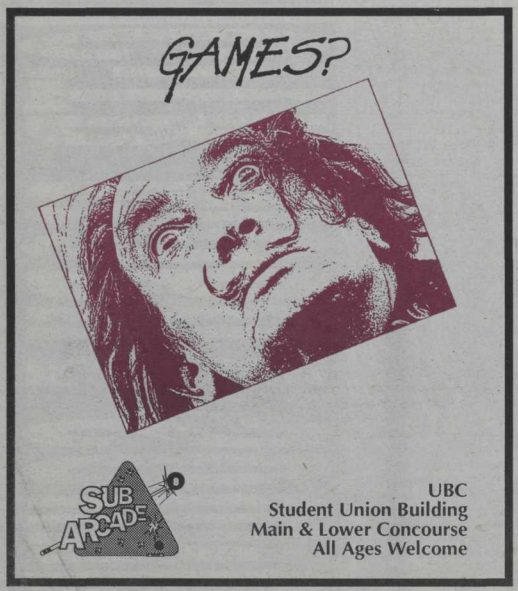
Melody's family is of two camps when considering her actions. Since she does not go out of her way to hide her lifestyle, one half of her family (those married with children) sees her as a brazen hussy who is not fit for their company. The other half, represented by the very old and the very young, see her as a free spirit who is living out her youth. The juxtaposition between the feelings of her family, Melody's own questioning of her actions, and her need to be honest with herself, makes for wonderful insights into the nature of family, independence, and desire. In comics, women are rarely portrayed as thinking/feeling beings who have the strength to question themselves and still retain their independence. Melody does all this.

At this time in the storyline, Melody is still living with her boyfriend Nick in Abitibi and not yet feeling the tug of the city. In the lead story of the latest issue we are shown what happens when a new couple joins in the weekly group party and in the second story we are shown how another of the couples feels about their own relationship in relation to their group experiences. In an earlier issue, by means of a flash forward, we are privy to the fantasies of a patron of the bar where Melody dances. He has fallen in love with our heroine and over the course of five pages he describes his love as a pure act of heart and not simply born of desire.

Though I may be doing so here, the comik itself does not moralize. In portraying the characters as basic humans with flaws, needs, and unrealised desires, the creators offer an insight into human relations at a level not usually dealt with in the mainstream media. The lack of artifice is more than refreshing, it is a powerful challenge to the reader who may be uncomfortable with the feelings that such honesty brings forth.

The artwork will win few awards but is adequate to deliver the story in a consistent way. The scripting is revealing and filled with unique perceptions, but it is in the storytelling that the readers are truly well served. It is interesting to note that the creative community in comic book land are enthusiastic supporters of this project which they see as breaking new ground and shattering taboos in its portrayal of graphic sex with taste and abandon. Unlike the awesome Yummy Fur graphic novel which has been held up at the border by Canadian Customs, a singular irony considering the book is created and printed in Canada and only distributed from Amereeka, Melody has (so far) managed to pass by the inspectors watchful eyes.

The comik is foremost a love story that focuses on a young woman's respect for herself and the world around her, in that order. An eight out of ten on the Eros-meter while offering insights rarely glimpsed in the passing lane of pop culture, Melody is the first wave of the revolution that will be known as comiks for adults. If you've read this far you just might be a part of that revolution, so do yourself a flavour and vote with your wallet. Melody: The True Story of A Nude Dancer is available at our more evolved comic shops.



...The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea...

Sure it's beautiful poetry, but what does it have to do with dogs? To find out, I talked to Linda at Ancient Mariner Dog Grooming.

Why is the store called Ancient Mariner?
It started out as an aquarium... why they called it that I don't know. Two men owned it, their wives did the dog grooming... They sold out, moved and we're still here with the Ancient Mariner.
Have you noticed any trends in dog fashion?
Well of course the coats and fancy collars.
How have the coats changed?
Well they've gotten more into the sweat-suit type of thing... There's raincoats... jogging pants...
I noticed some plaid out there; is that popular?
Yeah, very popular. Even the fur-lined ones...
Where do these coats come from?
Actually, a lady knits them for us. She does that at home all year type of thing and then come winter she sells them to us. And there's a couple industry places that make them.
How much does a dog coat cost?
Oh anywhere from about $8 to $40, $50.
Holy cow! Why would it be $50?
Well there's one out there, it's a velvet-type coat with mink on it.
Real mink?
Yeah (laughs)... You can get them any size; most of them are small. The raincoats really go well 'cause it's sooooo... rainy.
Are they made of plastic?
Usually material. Sometimes they're quilted for the warmth, with the plastic over top... I've heard of umbrellas that clip onto a harness, and there's boots... And little hats, too.
Do they have holes for the ears?
Nope, it's just tie-around type with a little visor on top.
What kind of dogs are coming in here?
Every breed imaginable.
Are they mainly upper-class dogs?
No, every walk of life... big Standard Poodles, St. Bernards; we get Rotweilers, we get Pitbulls, we get Dachshunds, everything.
What's your favorite kind of dog to deal with?
Probably a Golden Retriever... there's not much to do on them (laughs).

How often should dogs be groomed?
About every 8 weeks.
How much does it cost?
Usually about $30, up to sky's the limit, depending on what you want done...
Have you ever dyed a dog?
I have years ago. Actually somebody just asked for one but we couldn't get the correct colour...
What colour?
A mauve; a very beautiful mauve.
What kind of dog was that?
A Samoyd. You can dye dogs practically any colour... I did one rainbow once.
Do you ever sedate the dogs?
No.
Do they like coming in here?
Most of them have an attitude, "It's going to be done," and they get it done and they go to sleep but there's a few that just love to come in... others try heading off in the other direction.
How long does it take to do a dog from start to finish?
About an hour and a half... We clip their hair roughly, take all the excess hair off, do the nails, do their ears and then they go into the bathtub.
Do you clean the inside of their ears?
Yep.
With what, a giant Q-Tip?
No, just loose cotton. Some breeds, you have to take the hair out of the ears so you pluck all that out. Then we bath them and then they go into the drying cage and when they're halfway dry, we take them out and blowdry them by hand, brush them all out. Then they're ready to be reclipped and scissored.
How many ways is there to cut a tail?
Oh, it depends on the breed. There's a proper way and then there's how you sometimes have to if its matted... just shave it off.
Are there names for the stuff you do to poodles?
Clips? Yeah. Most of them that come in either get a Kennel Clip, a Teddy Bear Clip, Daisy Clip, Palm Beach—
Palm Beach, what's that?
Really short all over with pompoms on the bottoms of the legs, pompom on the tail and pompom on the head. There's hundreds of varieties of clips you can do on them...
Do you ever get to go crazy and do The Linda Cut on the dogs?
Usually they're pretty conservative. They want it done so it looks neat and tidy; they don't want any...coloured spikey hairdos.
How did you get into this line of work?
Somebody mentioned it to me and I thought, yeah, that sounds like a really good idea...
Have you ever been injured at work?
I've had quite a few chomps... not real serious...
What's the worst part of the job?
Cleaning up after a dog that's had diarrhoea and thrown up (laughs).
Does that happen a lot?
All the time. They get nervous and they just let it go... It's not as glamorous as a lot of people think.
Do you have a dog of your own?
Not for the past 2 years. He got old and I had him put down... he was a mutt...
Speaking of mutts, did the hobo look for dogs replace grooming when Benji was really popular?
No, they came in and asked to look like that... they just say "Shaggy like Benji"...
Do you see a lot of people who look like their dogs?
Yep. Poodles and Peakenese... I guess the hair or the eyes or something.
Are dogs good tippers?
No (laughs). The majority of them, no.

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Like wow! The first Local Motion written in this brand new decade and I'm happy to say that, unlike ten years ago, I don't have Led Zeppelin going through my head. So far the '90s have sent a lot of really good demo tapes my way, but I guess I should start with the bad news....

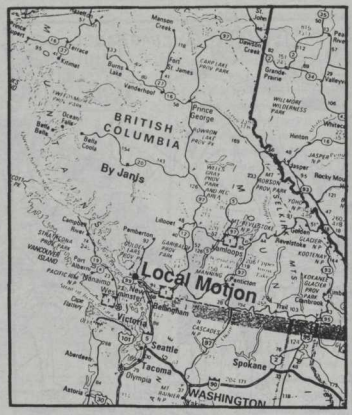
The **Arts Club Lounge** on Seymour Street, after years of filling a niche that apparently no one else dared to, as a venue for less famous and/or harder types of bands, will be closing down for good early this month. Yes, this time it will be permanent, since the building (like so many others in the area lately) is going to be torn down. (The Arts Club Theatre will be looking for a new location, but don't expect the people running the theatre to make finding a new place for bands to play a high priority.) February 2nd and 3rd will be the last two nights to see bands there: Friday it'll be **Curious George**, the **Swagmen** and **Touch & Gos**, and Saturday **Tin God** and **Dirt**.

And it's probably also time to say good-bye to one of Vancouver's favourite independent bands, **Oversoul 7**. Adam and Len and Daryl have lasted for almost six years (and put out critically-acclaimed records, an EP and LP on Edge Records), but now it looks as if the break they've been taking for the last few months may be permanent. Like lots of other fans, I'll miss them, but I'm sure we haven't seen the last of the individual members.

On a happier note, **She** is back making live appearances after taking a long time out to find a new singer. They've replaced their drummer as well- their original drummer now plays with another all-female band, **Bombshell**, which (so far) has opened for bands like Curious George, **Tankhog**, and the **Scramblers**.

And now, those glorious demos:

Chris Houston-"War of Da Dudes," "Rockem Sockem Robots" This 11-song cassette (artfully decorated with grease-pencil) is, thankfully, available in the local independent shops. The public hasn't had the opportunity (or misfortune, depending on your opinion of the guy) to hear the weird stuff from the creator of "Surfing on Heroin" and the Cult of the Baby Jesus (Looks Like Elvis) since that astro-turf covered LP, Hate-Filled Man, came out in '86. My favourite song on the tape, "Just Once For Kicks," has a sort of Just Say Yes theme (now this is what rock and roll is supposed to do, right?) and, with a groovy



Chelsea George photo: Kelly Wood

organ, it becomes an amazing pop song, still with that familiar and menacing voice imploring away on top. "Rockem Sockem Robots" is a lot like the **Cramps**' "Goo Goo Muck" (even with the addition of the way-out organ), loaded with those surf/pop/rock sensibilities that make you want to jump around. Not all the songs are so successful ("War of Da Dudes," for instance, just isn't as catchy) and some put forth questionable theories ("Girls like sex more than boys"?), but all in all, this collection of oldish recordings is worth getting.

Obey Flagmen-"Sway" I don't know why (perhaps because of Ebenezer Obey, quite a different kind of musician), but when I saw these guys at Shindig last fall they didn't sound the way I expected them to. And this nicely-produced demo captures a feeling and sound I don't remember from Shindig either. This is power under control, something that could be loud but is barely subdued. Perhaps it would be nice if there weren't so much control, and if the vocalist didn't sound so similar in places to Ian Astbury, but these are minor complaints.

Paula Rempel-"Lester" First of all, let me just say that, despite Paula being a rather high-profile CiTR member (as a former star of Pilot 1 and lots of other things), it's not her station connections that are getting this tape so much airplay (and this review). This is quite possibly the best-produced demo I've ever received (it was recorded at Bullfrog over six or so late-night hours, funded by a CAPAC grant). The guitar and bass sound incredible, and no wonder-they're being played by Jamie of the **Dots** (etc.) and Ronnie of the **Nervous Fellas** (etc.), respectively. And Paula, despite being a self-proclaimed "city girl," does have that quality to her voice. The only doubts I had were as to Paula's intentions - is she spoofing C & W or what? -but according to the singer herself, not only does she love country music (she says her band, **Paula and the Eskimos**, is at least partly designed to help her "get it out of her system"), but almost everything she says in the song is supposed to be true (yes, this includes her mother being named Lester). Well, golly!

Black Earth-"Creatures" I think that what made this band so successful in the '89 Shindig was simply their attitude, their determination to have a good time, their obvious pleasure in being on a stage. And amazingly enough, this is what comes through on this tape. Some people have described Black Earth as playing "hard rock," but I can't think of any reason for them saying this except that at the moment that's one of the few compliments some people will give a band. (Okay, and when I first saw them hauling that drumkit, with the two bass drums, onto the little stage at the Railway, I had my suspicions too.) Certainly this isn't thin sounding, but there's a lot more than loud thumping going on here- "Creatures" is a really good song, in the tradition of early harder rock (including punk) songs that didn't sacrifice melody to musical ideals.

The Ludwigs-"Talking to You." Off a 3-song tape entitled This is Not a Demo!, this is simple, basic R & R. The band is made up of people made semi-famous by playing with the **Chocolate Bunnies From Hell**, **Flunkees**, and **Route 666**, among others, and has collected some pretty impressive followers too. (Any band that Nancy G. from She makes an effort to go see is good enough for me.) Anyway, with all these choruses it's easy to sing along, and (maybe this is why I'm not supposed to call this tape a demo) you can clearly hear all the instruments. A really fun song. I'm just sorry that the back-up singer isn't credited.

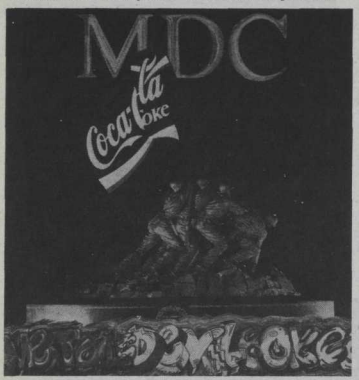
TT Racer-"1990s." Wow, Paul McKenzie didn't used to scream like this on the **Enigmas** records (although he did when they played live). If you didn't read about this relatively new band in the West/East Ender or hear about them somewhere else maybe you need to be told that this band's main influence is old (especially British) motorbikes. And you can hear them here-none of those whiny-smooth Japanese engines and highly effective mufflers, just that satisfying (almost organic, and loud) noise that tells you everything is working as it should. I've been a big fan of Paul's since I first saw the Enigmas' "Teenage Barnacle" video on Soundproof six or seven years ago, and I'm sure that this is the band that's going to do it for him, or at least offer stiff competition to the **Scramblers**, who, up 'til now, had the market cornered on tough rock and roll coolness. (Let's not even think about the **Sons of Freedom** here.) I only wish I knew more about the other members of the band.

UNDER REVIEW

Various Artists
The Last of England
(Mute)

Derek Jarmas' film, The Last of England, is a shattering experience. Shot in shaky, hand-held 8mm film and on video, the film graphically portrays England in ruins — the decay, squalor and degradation of a people ruled by a government that delights in violence. Jarman uses old home movies showing children growing up in post-war Britain juxtaposed with footage of the horrors of colonialism to remind us that England never had a glorious past at all, and that a system that built an empire on brutality must in the end suffer the inevitable consequences. When the empire crumbles, the ruling class turns its spite on its own people. The music, largely created by Simon Turner, is strangely tranquil and restrained. Even the Diamanda Galas tracks are beautiful in their quiet desperation. On the side of the LP called "Bombers" (there are no sides one and two), Simon Turner has combined solo piano, classical and flamenco guitar, and subdued electronics interspersed with snippets of dialogue to create a sad, haunting soundscape. Side "Diplomat" includes contributions from Barry Adamson, Mayo Thompson and Andy Gill (whose rock song "In the Free World" spoils the unspoken anger of the rest of the album with some cliched "fight the system" lyrics). The aforementioned Diamanda Galas tracks, "Deliver Me" and "The Thirteenth Returns," finish off the record, and although these songs have been released before they seem to gain atmosphere from the new context. This soundtrack easily stands on its own without the aid of the film, and is possibly even more successful than the camerawork in creating a feeling of bleak desolation.

Pete Lutwyche



Claytown Troupe
Through the Veil
(Island/UK)

Bristol England's Claytown Troupe have released their debut LP on Island after quite a bit of wrangling with the various major labels who showed interest in the group. The resultant LP presents them as Cult imitators, with lead vocalist Christian Riou displaying more than a hint of Ian Astbury's vocal style.

This band seems to be entrenched in The Cult's 1984 "Dreamtime" period, including the use of graphics dealing with Native American imagery and obtuse references to christianity. Sadly, they have also duplicated the same kind of production techniques, along with power chording guitar and shrill, wailing vocals.

The Claytown Troupe could possibly create their own sound by highlighting the unique keyboard playing of Rick Williams. Instead, this musically competent band is lacking in direction and creativity. Through the Veil founders, treading on territory that The Cult has already thoroughly mapped out.

Greg Garlick

MDC
Metal Devil Cokes
(Boner Records)

This is the latest release from punk rocker-type legends MDC. Reports have the average age of this band at about 36, but time has not slowed them down on "Metal Devil Cokes." Those MDC fellers seem as intense as ever, playing fast and loud. Dave Dictor is still able to sing faster than anyone I've ever heard. This album keeps up MDC's ultra-political image with songs like "Dirty Harry For President," "Acid Reindeer," "Huddled Masses," and "Mongoloid." This isn't an all-time super-excellent record but it's a great MDC album. The lucky buyer also gets a wonderful musical recipe for tofu spaghetti with the album. Think about it, eh!

Mikey Jiggle

808 State
90
(ZTT)

Not only has Manchester produced some of the best guitar pop of the last ten years, it has always kept up with the dance scene and music technology, combining the two to make memorable dance songs from "Blue Monday" onwards. 808 State are blasting the U.K. charts to pieces with their debut album "90," a formidable slice of '90s techno-house. 808 State, along with other new names on the dance club scene, have tended to steer clear of the frantic "what's that sample?" style, as typified by Simon Harris and Coldcut, and replaced it with swirling, trancelike synths and ice-cold beatboxes. Rather than keeping the dancer alert by slipping in tantalizing samples, the emphasis is on inducing a hypnotic state — dancing in a brightly-coloured world of whirring and spinning noise. In fact, one of the latest trends in Europe is "Ambient House," where the beat is removed from the tracks altogether, leaving just the synthesized patterns. These records are usually played towards the end of the night when the dancers are exhausted, but their minds are still on "chemically induced" overtime. 90 is THE dance album of the moment, each track busy with lush textures and hard beats. Largely instrumental, with the only full vocal being on the track "Magical Kingdom," the record is concerned with creating almost subconsious atmospheres. The tracks are similar, but not boring, and there's a full range of BPM's — from the relaxed, exotic "Sunrise" to the noisy "Cobra Bora" which, with its analog synth solos, sounds dangerously like Yes at times. What more can I say? Grab a copy, put it on a full volume and let it weave its way through your brain AND your body.

Peter Lutwyche

Sly and Robbie
Silent Assassin
(Island)

Sly and Robbie are session musicians who have been going for many years, putting out something creative every time, adapting their rhythms to fit their collaborators' styles.

On this release, produced by KRS-One, Sly Dunbar displays his competence at creating a rhythm with the addition of soon-to-be-heavily-copied gunshot sounds supplementing his drumming and drum machine programming, while Robbie Shakespeare does the funky but smooth, and sometimes strangely processed, bass thing. A number of rappers glide over this raw reggae sound: Queen Latifah, KRS-One, Young M.C., Willie D., and Boogie Down Productions' Shah of Brooklyn. KRS-One really gets into reggae with his rap while the Queen keeps to her usual style. Young M.C. proves that he can be a good, political rapper; Willie D. is a bit shallow lyrically but is saved by the extraordinary production; and the Shah of Brooklyn shows that he is ready for the big time (even though he's only 17) with mature, socially-conscious lyrics, a great rap voice, and perfect timing.

This is definitely a record to have if you're into danceable, smooth rap, but will probably not sell well because of its very low profile (black and white cover and no push from the record label). Its main audience, rap fans, are probably not the aware that this Sly and Robbie release would appeal to them very much.

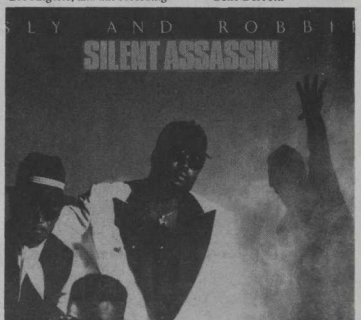
Adam Sloan

Lou Harrison - La Koro Sutro
Morton Feldman - Three Voices for Joan LaBarbara
The California EAR Unit
(New Albion)

New Albion Records is a relatively new independent label based in San Francisco, catering primarily to the work of West Coast minimalist composers. Their latest releases (La Koro Sutro, The California EAR Unit, and Three Voices for Joan LaBarbara) have a number of things in common. All contain excellent performances (particularly Joan LaBarbara's vocal performance of the Feldman work), and all three were recorded very nicely.

Three Voices is a fine example of the late Morton Feldman's dramatic restraint, sensitivity, and tendency to write long, expansive music. LaBarbara's intonation in her performance is so precise that in places it seems as though her voice was sampled. La Koro Sutro is very representative of Lou Harrison's work, showing the influence of Balinese gamelan. Varied Trio is proof that he understood the Asian instruments he incorporated into much of his music. The California EAR Unit are a new-music ensemble based in Los Angeles, and this recording attests to their versatility. The collection includes music by two members of the Unit as well as music by the characteristically difficult, though enjoyable, Elliott Carter. Also included is a very short work by Karlheinz Stockhausen and the extremely intense twenty four minute "Hoketus" by Dutch composer Louis Andreiessen. You will hear these works on "Are You Serious Music," Sundays 8am to noon.

Paul Steenhuisen



Warren Zevon
Transverse City
(Virgin/A&M)

Warren Zevon was once a great songwriter who fuelled his lyrics with expressions of personal tragedy, desolation and anger. Zevon laced his songs with a satirical humor which was as frightening as it was amusing. Songs like "Excitable Boy," "Play It All Night Long" and "Carmelita" were truthful, hard-hitting visions of suburban America. Zevon's chaotic live performances were no less powerful as he took to the stage drunk and angry.

Zevon is now sober and, unfortunately, his music has lost much of its vitality. "Transverse City" is a failed attempt to comment on every element of modern life from shopping malls to the state of the environment. The lyrics are weak and detached, and the music is highly overproduced. In the end, Zevon ends up saying nothing that matters about anything. Guest appearances by Neil Young, David Gilmour and Chick Corea serve to only confuse this glossy, impersonal disaster. Zevon may be sober, but he has lost the edge that made him a once great and important artist.

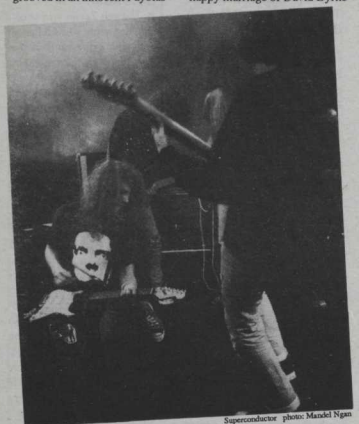
Gene Derreth

Bang
One World
Glee
Town Pump
Monday, January 8th

Bang. Another one of those "Oh no, they've got keyboards and high-heeled backup singers and balding men boogeying to their music"-type bands. 'Nuff said.

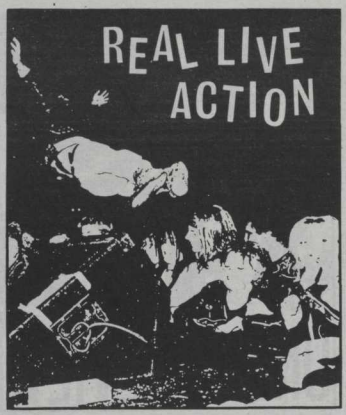
Sometimes at the Town Pump you can go there and be lost in the '80's. This was the case with the next band, One World. Not as Police-inspired as their name might lead you to believe, these guys really grooved in an innocent Payolas-bly the least pretentious lead singer I've ever seen. No keyboards either.

The amazingly large crowd stuck around for the last band, which is in itself an amazing occurrence. Glee definitely have a following already, no doubt due to all the bad press they've received. (In fact, that was my primary motivation for going out to see them.) But, if I'd been waiting to writhe in agony, I was not vindicated. No sirree Bob, these dudes and dudette (on accordion, no less), played a rockin' set that kept me enthralled. Their lead singer, a happy marriage of David Byrne



Superconductor photo: Mandel Ngan

before-sellout (okay, maybe "before their existence") mode. Sporting Bang's lead singer as a bass player; the addition of a flutist on one number; and proba-and Bob Denver, delivered odes to Vancouver and rain among other things and kept up an entertaining repartee with the audience between songs. The band's



sound is really happenin'; if it's any indication of the direction "pop" music will take in the '90's, we're in for a good decade. Now if I could only figure out the constant self-abasing reference, "Once again, many thanks to Linda Scholten and all the fine people at CiTR." Whatever.

Viola Funk

Bamff
Superconductor
Mary
Town Pump
Tuesday, January 9th

I hate headless guitars and telephone-operator-style mikes. Bamff were adequately gifted in both these respects, if not in any other. Of course, they chose their very most annoying song of all (tough competition, believe me) as the one to shoot a video for, and they had the nerve to stay up on stage wielding their hyper-bombastic technostuff for over an hour. Look, I don't care if they're mostly women. I can only hope that their lead singer wasn't kidding when she said she was going deaf from the intense decibel level. That at least'd spare us any further installments in Bamff's "comeback."

Next we heard Superconductor, playing a gig that had been postponed from December. The fermentation had done them nothing but good. I mean, these spotty perpetually adolescent renegades brought new meaning to the term "hyper-bombastic." 7000 bass- and guitar-players (it says that in my notes, so it must be right); one Christmas light-festooned drummer; a maraca-shaker (who as it turned out no one in the band knew); and vocals by one of the aforementioned guitarists. Hot shit. Speaking of which, reminds me of the remark of one overwrought witness: "They are to music what amoebic dysentery is to digestion: It goes right through." Engulfed in billows of dry ice and manic hair-throwers, I couldn't help but wonder "Hey - am I at Club Soda, or what?" Alex "the guy from Tom Hooper of Grapes of Wrath's Alex Varty Hate Club" Varty, who was in attendance for Bamff's set, was nowhere to be seen during Superconductor. That oughta tell you something.

I don't really pretend to begin to understand what these guys are about, but cock-rock does not exist to be dissected and analysed. It just IS.

Well hey, after this orgy anything would be anticlimax, and so it was with Mary. The formerly full dancefloor was as good as empty at the beginning of Mary's set, the end of which I did not stick around to see. What I did witness, however, was the familiar brand of competent but not too slick, issue-conscious rock 'n' roll served up by this bare-bones three-piece outfit. Quite the contrast from what had gone before. Technically there's nothing wrong with Mary, but maybe that's their failing...they just lack the necessary eccentricities to compel. Guess we'll be seeing them on MuchMusic in no time, tie-dyed T-shirts and all. Alex Varty probably re-materialised for their set too.

Viola Funk

Bamff photo: Mandel Ngan

On the weekend of January 6-7, Vancouver's Konsummate Impressario and King of Kave Krap, Nardwuar the Human Serviette, held a two night all-ages party celebrating the release of his 16 band compilation LP, "Oh God, My Mom's On Channel 10". An army of photographers was there to meet the onslaught of such acts as the Young Fresh Fellows, the Vindicators, and the Evaporators.

photos by Bob Fowler

DISCORDER DATEBOOK

THURSDAY 1 **CITR presents Game Theory with Grin Factory and 99 Steps at 86 Street Music Hall... Curious George, Touch 'n Go's and The Swagmen** at the Arts Club... **Evan Johns and the H-Bombs** at the Town Pump... **Professor Blues Revue** at the Yale... **Lee Goodman "After Dark"** at the Railway... **Jazz Quintet** at the Recital Hall (12:30pm).... Doug Greenall's **Dead Serious** continues at the Arts Club Seymour... John Gray's **Billy Bishop Goes to War** continues at Presentation House... **Sweeney Todd (The Demon Barber of Fleet Street)** conducted by French Tickner continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre (8pm).... Carousel Theatre's **Twelfth Night** by Shakespeare opens at the Waterfront Theatre (8pm, until the 28th)... Mad Love Theatre's presentation of **The Dreamer Examines his Pillow** continues at Station Street.... Julia Schofield's **Love on the Plastic** continues at Vancouver Little Theatre... **First Thursday** Art Night begins in over forty Vancouver area galleries and museums.... **Michael Hornaby**'s sculpture exhibit continues at the Grunt (until the 3rd)... **Women in View** continues with **Re:Sound—A Playshop** at Four Sisters (9:30am, 2pm); **Old Flames: An In...formation Reading** at Four Sisters (7:30pm)....

FRIDAY 2 **Dirt** and **Tin God** at the last Arts Club show ever... **T.T. Racer** with **Black Earth** at the Town Pump... **Jazzmanian Devils** at the Railway... **Professor Blues Revue** at the Yale... Concert in memory of Martin Luther King Jr. with **Special Order, Lovena Fox, Stripes, Ron Haywood** and **M.C. Frosti Graves** at the Commodore... **UBC Contemporary Players** directed by Stephen Chatman and Geoffrey Michaels at the Recital Hall... **Karen Jamieson Dance Company** at the Vancouver Playhouse... **Love on the Plastic** continues at Vancouver Little Theatre... **The Dreamer Examines his Pillow** continues at Station Street.... **Dead Serious** continues at the Arts Club Seymour... **Billy Bishop Goes to War** continues at Presentation House... **Sweeney Todd** continues at the Freddy Wood Theatre... **Women in View** continues with **Four on the Floor** at the Firehall Theatre (12pm); **Confidantes** at the Firehall Studio (12pm); **Prairie Winds** at the Firehall Studio (1:30pm); **Great Explanations** at the Firehall Studio (2:45pm); **Jojoka** at the Firehall Theatre (3:15pm); **Modern Notes of Persuasion** at the Firehall Studio (4:15pm); **Just a Little Fever** at the Firehall Theatre (4:45pm); **Bad Dollies** at the Firehall Studio (5:15pm); **elimental secrets** at the Firehall Theatre (6:30pm); **Runner's Tale/Sun and Shadow** at the Pitt (6:30pm); **Women in the Box** at the Firehall Studio (6:30pm); **Forbidden Fruitcake** at the Firehall Theatre (8pm); **Soundwright** at the Firehall Studio (8:15pm); **Strings** at the Pitt (8:45pm); **Not Just 9 to 5** at the Firehall Theatre (9:15pm); **Wonderur Brass** at the Pitt (10pm); **Moon Lodge** at the Firehall Studio (10pm)....

SATURDAY 3 **The Skattalites** from Jamaica at the Town Pump... **Jazzmanian Devils** at the Railway... **Professor Blues Revue** at the Yale... **Tempus Fugit** at the WISE Hall.... **Orford String Quartet** at the Recital Hall (7:15pm)... **Karen Jamieson Dance Company** at the Vancouver Playhouse... **Love on the Plastic** continues at Vancouver Little Theatre... **The Dreamer Examines his Pillow** closes at Station Street...**Dead Serious** continues at the Arts Club Seymour... **Billy Bishop Goes to War** continues at Presentation House... **Sweeney Todd** closes at the Freddy Wood Theatre... **Michael Hornaby**'s exhibition closes at the Grunt... **Women in View** continues with **Forbidden Fruitcake** at the Pitt Theatre (12pm); **Puente II** at St. James Church (12pm); **GQ Factor** at the Firehall (12pm); **Sun and Shadow** at the Pitt Theatre (1pm); **Bad Dollies** at the Firehall Studio (1:15pm); **Jojoka** at the Firehall (1:45pm); **Runner's Tale** at St. James Church (1:45pm); **Prairie Winds** at the Pitt Theatre (2:15pm); **Confidanties** at the Firehall Studio (2:45pm); **Bassiah Voices** at St. James Church (2:45pm); **Not Just 9 to 5** at the Firehall (3:15pm); **Modern Notes** at the Pitt Theatre (3:45pm); **Eight Facets of Woman-Spirit** at St. James Church (4pm); **Great Explanations** at the Firehall Studio (4:15pm); **Wonderur Brass** at the Pitt Theatre (5pm); **Just a Little Fever** at the Firehall (5:30pm); **Calendar Girls** at the Firehall Studio (5:45pm); **Snakes in the Mind** at the Pitt Theatre (6:30pm); **Soundwright** at the Firehall Studio (7:30pm); **Woman in the Box** at the Pitt Theatre (7:45pm); **Reading Writers** at the Firehall Studio (8pm); **Strings** at the Pitt Theatre (9:15pm); **Under the House** at the Firehall Studio (9:15pm); **Four on the Floor** at the Firehall Theatre (9:15pm); **Spend the Night** at the Pitt Theatre (10:30pm); **Moon Lodge** at the Firehall Studio (11:15pm);

SUNDAY 4 **No Fun** at the Railway... **Dirty Dozen Brass Band** with **Brass Roots** at the Commodore... **Guy and Candie Caraway and the Joyful Sound** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Sarah Vaughn** at the Orpheum (7pm)... **Women in View** continues with **Women in a Box** at the Pitt (11:30am); **Four on the Floor** at the Firehall Theatre (12pm); **Reading Writers** at the Firehall Studio (12pm); **Strings** at the Pitt (1pm); **Modern Notes** at the Firehall Studio (2pm); **Snakes in Mind** at the Pitt (2:15pm); **GQ Factor** at the Firehall Theatre (3pm); **Survivors** at the Firehall Studio (3pm); **Prairie Winds** at the Pitt (3:30pm); **Soundwright** at the Firehall Studio (4:15pm); **Just a Little Fever** at the Firehall Theatre (4:30pm); **Sun and Shadow** at the Pitt (4:45pm); **Moon Lodge** at the Firehall Studio (6pm); **elimental secrets** at the Firehall Theatre (6pm); **Great Explanations** at the Pitt (6:15pm); **Bad Dollies** at the Firehall Studio (7:15pm); **Forbidden Fruitcake** at the Pitt (7:45pm); **Jojoka** at the Firehall Theatre (7:45pm); **Puente II** at the Firehall Theatre (8pm); **Spend the Night** at the Pitt (9:15pm); **Bassiah Voices** at the Firehall Studio (8:30pm); **Runner's Tale** at the Firehall Studio (10pm); **Wonderur Brass** at the Firehall Theatre (10:30pm)....

MONDAY 5 **The Stoaters** at the Railway... **Willie and the Walkers** at the Yale...

TUESDAY 6 **The Stoaters** at the Railway... **Willie and the Walkers** at the Yale... **CFOX Demo-Listen** at Club Soda... **UBC Students in Recital** at the Recital Hall (8pm)... **Love on the Plastic** continues at Vancouver Little Theatre... **Mike McDonald**'s photo collage exhibit opens at the Grunt (until the 17th)...

WEDNESDAY 7 **Sweet Dick** at the Railway... **Willie and the Walkers** at the Yale... **Gregory Cox** (trumpet) and **Nancy Bussard** (piano) at the Recital Hall (12:30pm)... **Fort Worth Travelogue** at the Grunt... **Billy Bishop Goes to War** continues at Presentation House... **Love on the Plastic** continues at Vancouver Little Theatre...

THURSDAY 8 **Sweet Dick** at the Railway... **Jim Byrnes** at the Yale... **Winter Roots Music Festival** opens with **Peter Case**, **Natural Elements** and **Aya** at the WISE Hall... **UBC Symphony Orchestra** at the Old Auditorium (12:30pm)... **Billy Bishop Goes to War** continues at Presentation House... **Love on the Plastic** continues at Vancouver Little Theatre...

FRIDAY 9 **Sweet Dick** at the Railway... **The Bonedaddys** with **Little Women** at 86 Street Music Hall... **Winter Roots Music Festival** continues with **Ancient Cultures**, **The Dots** and **James Keelaghan Trio** hosted by Seattle's **Sam Weis** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm); plus WISE Hall Cabaret with **Roots Roundup** (11:30pm).... **Jim Byrnes** at the Yale... **Robben Ford** and **Elvin Bishop** at the Town Pump... UBC **Symphony Orchestra** at the Old Auditorium (8pm)... **Billy Bishop Goes to War** continues at Presentation House... Touchstone Theatre's **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** by John Lazarus open at the Firehall (8pm)... **Love on the Plastic** continues at Vancouver Little Theatre...

SATURDAY 10 **Sweet Dick** at the Railway... **Dennis Brown, Freddie McGregor, Lloyd Parkes, We the People Band, and M.C. Wayne Vernon** at the Commodore... **Jim Byrnes** at the Yale... **Winter Roots Music Festival** continues with Workshops at the WISE Hall (11am-7pm); **Ngoi Lum Music Society, Nyetz** and **Faith Nolan** hosted by **David Campbell** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm); and WISE Hall Cabaret with **Roots Roundup** (11:30pm)... **Bob's Your Uncle** at the Town Pump... **Billy Bishop Goes to War** continues at Presentation House... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)... **Love on the Plastic** continues at Vancouver Little Theatre...

SUNDAY 11 **Young Fresh Fellows** at the Town Pump... **No Fun** at the Railway... **DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince** at the Commodore (all ages show at 6, licensed show at 9:30)... **The Hooters** at 86 Street Music Hall... **Winter Roots Music Festival** continues with Workshops at the WISE Hall (11am-7pm); **Allen Dobb and Daniela, The Highbops** and **Roy Forbes** hosted by **Wyckham Porteus** and **Mercy Nokony** at the WISE Hall (8pm)... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)...

MONDAY 12 **Touch 'n Go's** at the Railway... **Oliver and the Elements** at the Yale... **UBC Student Composers in Concert** at the Recital Hall (12:30pm)...

TUESDAY 13 **Feathered Pens** with **Pat Conroy Band** at the Railway... **Demo-Listen** at Club Soda... **Guitar Shorty** with **The Demons** at the Yale... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)...

WEDNESDAY 14 **Oh Yeah!** at the Railway... **Guitar Shorty** with **The Demons** at the Yale... **Peter Berring Jazz Trio** at the Recital Hall (12:30pm)... **Bill Smith** solo concert at the Grunt... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)...

THURSDAY 15 **Ray Condo and his Hardrock Goners** from Montreal at the Railway... **Guitar Shorty** with **The Demons** at the Yale... **Salsa Ferreras** at the Commodore... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)... Tamahnous Theatre presents **Living Art: A Celebration of Alternate Performance** at the Cinderella Ballroom...

FRIDAY 16 **Ray Condo and his Hardrock Goners** from Montreal at the Railway... **Pete Morton** at the WISE Hall!... **Guitar Shorty** with The Demons at the Yale... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)... **Living Art** continues at the Cinderella Ballroom...

SATURDAY 17 **Fred Penner** with **Len Udow** and the **Cat's Meow Band** at the Orpheum (11am, 1:30pm)... **Ray Condo and his Hardrock Goners** from Montreal at the Railway... **Guitar Shorty** with **The Demons** at the Yale... **Lorraine Desmarais** Trio from Montreal at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **The Dots, Stingin' Hornets, Hillbilly Boys, and Rocky Craig** at the Commodore... **Mike McDonald**'s exhibition closes at the Grunt... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)... **Living Art** ends at the Cinderella Ballroom...

SUNDAY 18 **Young M.C.** with **Maestro Fresh Wes** at the War Memorial Gymon the UBC campus (all ages)... **Croontoons** at the Railway... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)...

MONDAY 19 **Young M.C.** with **Maestro Fresh Wes** at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre (all ages)... **Natural Elements** tape release party at the Railway... **Oliver and the Elements** at the Yale...

TUESDAY 20 **Thin White Rope** at Club Soda... **UBC Students in Recital** at the Recital Hall (8pm)... **Women's Jam Session** at the Railway... **Eddy Clearwater** at the Yale... **Rudy Rozanski** (piano) at the Capilano College (Room H-113, 1pm)... **Anna Banana** BananaPosts' exhibition begins at the Grunt (until the 3rd)... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)...

WEDNESDAY 21 **CITR presents Laurie Anderson at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre... Eddy Clearwater** at the Yale... Eckhardt-Grammate 1989 Music Composition Winner **Janice Girard** (piano) at the Recital Hall (12:30pm)... **Clive Pig** from the UK in a solo performance at the Railway... **Patric Caird Group** at the Grunt... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)... preview of **Goodnight Desdemona (Good Morning Juliet)** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

THURSDAY 22 **CITR presents The Mighty Lemon Drops** with **The Ocean Blue** and **John Wesley Harding** at the **Commodore... Eddy Clearwater** at the Yale... **Clive Pig** from the UK in a solo performance at the Railway... **UBC Wind Ensemble** at the Old Auditorium (12:30pm)... **Eliot Fisk** (guitar) at the Recital Hall (7:15pm)... Artist talk with **Anna Banana** at the Grunt (7:30pm)... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)... **Goodnight Desdemona (Good Morning Juliet)** opens at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

FRIDAY 23 **CITR presents The Sugarcubes** with **The Primitives** at the **Commodore... Bob Brozman** and the **Brozophonics** at the WISE Hall... **Eddy Clearwater** at the Yale... **The Paladins** at 86 **Street Music Hall... Rocking Fools** at the Railway... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)... **Goodnight Desdemona** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

SATURDAY 24 **Rocking Fools** at the Railway... **Eddy Clearwater** at the Yale... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)... **Goodnight Desdemona** continues at the Vancouver East Cultur'l Centre (2pm, 8pm)...

SUNDAY 25 **Moses Rascoe** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Croontoons** at the Railway... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)...

MONDAY 26 **CITR presents The The** with **Johnny Marr** at the **Commodore... Oliver and the Elements** at the Yale... **Goodnight Desdemona** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

TUESDAY 27 **CITR presents The The** at the **Commodore... T.S.O.L.** at Club Soda... **Jesse Winchester** at the WISE Hall... PYF at the Railway... **David Raven** at the Yale... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)... **Goodnight Desdemona** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

WEDNESDAY 28 **CITR presents The The** at the **Commodore... FYF** at the Railway... **David Raven** at the Yale... **Lawrence Cherney** (oboe) at the Recital Hall (12:30pm)... **Joseph Danza World Music** at the Grunt... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)... **Goodnight Desdemona** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

THURSDAY 1 **David Raven** at the Yale... **UBC Stage Band** at the Recital Hall (12:30pm)... **UBC Mixed Chamber Ensembles** at the Recital Hall (8pm)... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)... **Goodnight Desdemona** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

FRIDAY 2 **David Raven** at the Yale... **University Chamber Singers** at the Recital Hall (12:30pm and 8pm)... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)... **Goodnight Desdemona** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

SATURDAY 3 **CITR presents Linton Kwesi Johnson with Sister Breeze, Dennis Bovell and the Dub Band and the Almighty Dread Band at the Commodore... David Raven** at the Yale... **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** continues at the Firehall (8pm)... **Goodnight Desdemona** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (2pm, 8pm)...

SUNDAY 4 **Homework for Men** and **Curtains for a Crazy Old Lady** closes at the Firehall (8pm)...

MONDAY 5 **Goodnight Desdemona** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

TUESDAY 6 **CITR presents Severed Heads with MC 900FT Jesus and DJ Zero at Graceland... Jesus Lizards** at Club Soda... **Goodnight Desdemona** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

WEDNESDAY 7 **Bob Bell and Necropolis 90** at the Grunt... **Goodnight Desdemona (Good Morning Juliet)** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

THURSDAY 8 **Goodnight Desdemona (Good Morning Juliet)** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

FRIDAY 9 **The Beat Farmers** at the Town Pump... **Goodnight Desdemona (Good Morning Juliet)** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

SATURDAY 10 **The Beat Farmers** at the **Town Pump... Goodnight Desdemona (Good Morning Juliet)** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (2pm, 8pm)...

MONDAY 12 **Goodnight Desdemona (Good Morning Juliet)** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

TUESDAY 13 **Goodnight Desdemona (Good Morning Juliet)** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

WEDNESDAY 14 **Kate Hammett-Vaughn** at the Grunt... **Goodnight Desdemona (Good Morning Juliet)** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)...

PLACESPLACESPLACES

ARTS CLUB SEYMOUR 1181 Seymour Street 683-0151

CENTENNIAL THEATRE 23rd and Lonsdale, North Vancouver

CLUB SODA 1055 Homer Street 681-8202

COMMODORE BALLROOM 870 Granville Street 681-7838

86 STREET MUSIC HALL former Expo Site 683-8687

FIREHALL ARTS CENTRE 280 East Cordova Street 689-0926

FREDERIC WOOD THEATRE 6454 Crescent Road, UBC 228-2678

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RIDGE THEATRE 3131 Arbutus Street 738-6311

STATION STREET ARTS CENTRE 930 Station Street 688-3312

STUDIO 58 Main Building, Langara Campus 324-5227

SUB THEATRE Student Union Building, UBC

TOWN PUMP 66 Water Street 683-6695

VANCOUVER EAST CINEMA 2290 Commercial Drive 253-5455

VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE 1895 Venables Street 254-9578

VANCOUVER LITTLE THEATRE 3102 Main Street 876-6165

WAR MEMORIAL GYM University Blvd & Wesbrook Mall UBC

WISE HALL 1882 Adanac Street (right behind the Cultch) 736-3022

WOMEN IN FOCUS STUDIO 849 Beatty Street 875-6624

YALE HOTEL 1300 Granville at Drake 681-9253

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SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8AM-NOON
Schoenberg, Varese, Berio, Xenakis, Schafer, Webern - Artistic Evil Knievels all. Nouveau post-modern instrumental compositions in a classical vein with Paul B.A. Steenhuisen and Ian Crutchley alternating weeks.

THE BRUNCH REPORT 12-12:15PM
News, sports, weather and more with the CITR News, Sports and Weather Departments.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM
Reggae, Rock Steady and Ska with George Barrett.

BLUES AND SOUL SHOW 3-5:00PM
Lachlan Murray provides the best of blues, rhythm and blues, funk and soul.

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5-5:30PM
CITR's in-depth current affairs/news magazine show. Coverage and analysis of the day's news and sports,daily editorial commentary, entertainment reviews and reports on events here at UBC, all in a comprehensive and comprehensible magazine package. And we promise, no traffic reports.

HEAR SAY 5:30-6:00PM
The best in literature...ON RADIO! Hear what our contributing authors have to say. Poetry, radio plays, creative nonfiction, short stories; the best of the bunch. If YOU want to contribute, get in touch with Kim, Richardd, Antje, Barbara or Chris at 228-3017.

LEECHCRAFT 6-8:00PM
Caustic alphabets couple with (varied fish sundries). Spoken word. Alternates Sundays with...

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS 6-8:00PM
Information, news, interviews, political analysis from the global cultures of resistance. Hosted by Horacio de la Cueva. Alternates Sundays with LeechCraft.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10PM-MIDNIGHT
Join host Dave Emory for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your CD deck and two C-90's. Originally broadcast on KFJC (Los Altos,CA). This month: **AIDS: Epidemic or Weapon of War?**

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12-4:00AM
So what if Barry doesn't show up anymore? Who gives a shit? Guido and Trini still do.

MONDAYS

MISCELLANY 7-7:30AM
Rebroadcast of Friday's broadcast.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
From the famous siren to the not-so-famous BBC World Service, wake up with The CITR Morning Show. Information to go: news, sports, weather and 'scenic view' (read: radar) reports, features, entertainment reviews and Alberta Hog prices. Wake up with Norm and Dave.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
Lunch goes down better with The Afternoon Report. Tune in for no frills news, sports, and weather.

A SHOW OF STRENGTH 1:15-3:00PM
After a peaceful 15 mins. of News, from out of no where a blistering bolt of audio destruction kerrangs off your forehead and bursts your heart and brains, oh, and of course your ears. Chris & How lay down an ultra-mega hot vinyl arrangement. What a wonderful day!

SOUND OF REALITY 3-5:00PM
Experimental Radio, with Vision! Featuring environmental sounds, found noises, information/propaganda and the world's primitive and experimental musics from the auditory fringe. Live! Contributions welcome. Practitioner: Anthony Roberts.

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5-5:30PM
See Sunday for details. Join host Ian Gunn here weekdays.

SPORTS DIGEST 5:30-6:00PM
Join the CITR Sports Department for all the latest in Thunderbird varsity sports action and sports everywhere else for that matter. Interviews, too!

IT'S JUST TALK WITH R.J. MOORHOUSE 6-7:00PM
The big mouth is back, bigger and mouthier than ever, taking on all the issues that are take-onable!

TOP OF THE BOPS 7:00-8:00PM
Trini Lopez, Ronnie Self, and The Phantom all love you. Marc Coulevin brings

In the Kwa language of Yoruba, there are two words for radio: "Ghohun-ghohun" (snatcher of voices), and "A-s'oro ma gb'esi" (that which speaks without pausing for reply). CITR 101.9 fM is both. Listen and find out for yourself. But first read ON THE DIAL.

Rock 'n' Roll to its roots.

THE AFRICAN SHOW 8-9:30PM
Umerah returns from his sabbatical to tell you all about the African subcontinent.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:30PM-12:30AM
Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. None of that late night graveyard/early weekend jazz. Features at 11. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.

5th Here's Lee Morgan was Lee's first album for one of the first black-owned record labels: VJ. A straight-forward, nonsense date with Morgan and a hand-picked band including Wynton Kelly and Art Bickey.
12th Thelonious Monk "live". Recorded at the legendary Five Spot Cafe in New York. Monk at the piano leading the great Johnny Griffin on tenor with Ahmed Abdul-Malik (bass) and Roy Haynes (drums).
19th Passin' Thru, one of Chico Hamilton's great albums and although recorded in 1962, it sounds like the 90's. Drummer Hamilton with Hungarian guitarist Gabor Szabo and Charles Lloyd on flute and tenor.
26th Sonny Side Up: Dizzy Gillespie (in superb form) flanking two of the "heaviest" saxophonists in Jazz history: Sonny Rollins and Sonny Stitt. Jazz at its hottest!

TUESDAYS

IT'S JUST TALK WITH RJ MOORHOUSE 6:30-7:30AM
Rebroadcast of Monday night's programme.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with Kim and Chris.

GARNET TIMOTHY HARRY 8:15-10:00AM
Garnet doesn't give a shit and neither should you.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:00PM
Country music to scrape the cowshit off your boots to. With yer host-poke, Jeff Gray.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 3-5:00PM
Demo Director Dale Sawyer provides some insights into the best and the worst of the newest Canadian music. And he's not telling you which is which!

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5-5:30PM
See Monday for details.

RANDOM SAMPLING 5:30-6:00PM
Join Kim Trainor and Stefan Ellis for 1800 seconds of definitive frequecy modulation..... Lots of stuff about everything everywhere.

NEON MEATE DREAM 7-9:00PM
Like your worst nightmare and most erotic dream combined. God what a mess. With Pete Lutwyche.

WEDNESDAYS

RANDOM SAMPLING 7-7:30PM
Rebroadcast of Tuesday's 5:30 programme.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with Luc and Dave.

MORNING BREATH 8:15-10:00AM
Roll over, open one eye, and share your Wednesday morning waking experience with Daisy. Cold pizza, lukewarm coffee and music to jolt you back into existence. 9-10: in celebration of Black History Month:
7th Public Enemy
14th George Clinton
21st Ladies of the Blues
28th Living Colour/Ladysmith Black Mambazo.

OUR TALENTED FAMILY 10-11:00AM
Recordings of live performances at the UBC School of Music. The Contemporary Players, Student Composers, Guest Artists, Stage Band, World Music...and others.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

THE RETURN OF NECRO-NEOFILE 1:15-3:00PM
The newest additions to the CITR playlist as well as the tortured ramblings of any musicians that fall into the tar pit. Facilitated by MD Chris Buchanan.

THE TASTE OF THINGS TO COME 3-5:00PM
Sound waves to sink yer teeth into, with yer host Paula the radio sex goddess.

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5-5:30PM
See Monday for details.

INSIDE INFORMATION 5:30-6:00PM
Join Katherine Vogt and Barbara Elgood for an eclectic view of UBC and the universe! News, reviews, previews, interviews and much more. Find out what's really happening in BC's largest mental institution. Special focus throughout the winter: how to land a decent summer job.

B.C. FOLK 6-7:00PM
Listen to the thoughts and music of B.C. 'Folk' artists with Barb Waldern.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 7-9:00PM
Join Ed, Peter, and John for a real live band in your livingroom, automobile or WalkPerson. IF YOU or YOUR BAND are interested in participating, give Ed a call at 462-9281.
31st Juan Valdez Memorial R&B Ensemble
7th Small Man Syndrome
14th Valentine Special w/ Intoxicators
21th The Big Lie
28th Jethro Gun Freud

MIDNIGHT TO THE LAST BUS 12:00-4:00AM
Post-Pit party featuring the hit of the night from the campus' number one sperm bank. Ministry, Pixies, Purgatory, and other things that specialise in noise and loudness. Plus Abbo and Shaun Cassidy but only if you ask. Lost of ranting about life, too.

THURSDAYS

INSIDE INFORMATION 7-7:30AM
Rebroadcast of Wednesday's 5:30 show.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with Kim and Chris.

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE 10-11:00 AM
Always and forever dedicated to stuffing your ears with the sounds of the North-West/South West (you define). Send stuff please!

JIGGLE NOON-1:00PM
Under new management! Gav's dead, Mikey left him. Tune in. It's a changed show, really it is. Watch for special guest hosts and Mikey's special birthday show!! JIGGLE JIGGLE JIGGLE till the cows come home!

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3-5:00PM
———HARD———JINX———
———ERIC———CORE———

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5-5:30PM
See Monday for details.

ARTS CAFE 5:30-6:00 PM
Be updated, be with it, be informed about Art, theatre, film and any other cultural event happening in Vancouver. With Antje!

THE NO HOST BAR 6-8:00PM
Richard Gere knows the Dalai Lama. Blondie did a theme song for a Richard Gere movie. Pat and Lisa have looked at the cover of a Blondie album. Coincidence? We think not!

HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHT 8-10:00 PM
A Lower Mainland favourite for over 30 years! Listen for our legendary **Backwards Song** (8:15) to win valuable prizes, guffaw uncontrollably during **Let's Ask Valerie** (8:40), call in your votes for the **Listener's Choice** (9:00), then sit back and **enjoy six bucks' worth of fun on the 50¢ Record Hour** (9:05). Mmm - good!

FRIDAYS

ARTS CAFE 7-7:30AM
Rebroadcast of Thursday's 5:30 show.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Wake up with Stefan and a yard full of smiles and happiness.

NOW YOU HAS JAZZ 8:15-10:30AM
Join Tommy Paley for a mixture of jazz music, insight, and indepth stories. Ideas, requests, and comments are always welcome and bewarre the 30 minute feature that closes every show.
2nd Jack DeJohnette
9th Singers through the world

MOVING IMAGES 10:30-11:00AM
Join host Ken Macintyre as he takes you on a tour through the silver screen's back lot of life with film news, reviews, interviews and soundtracks.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN 1:15-2:30PM
The greenest of the CITR DJ crop try to germinate and take root on the air. If you are interested in CITR programming possibilities, phone the Program Director at 228-3017.

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE - PART ONE 2:30-3:30PM AND PART TWO 4-5:00PM
Found sounds, tape loops, compositions of organized and unorganized aurality, power electronics and sound collage. Live experimental music. 100% Canadian Industrialism.

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5-5:30PM
See Monday for details.

MISCELLANY 5:30-6:00PM
Join Kim Trainor and Stefan Ellis for 21 days of definitive frequency modulation.... Lots of stuff about everything everywhere. Various weekly.

AND NOW THIS 6-6:30PM
And this. And this. And this...

INTERFERENCE! 6:30-7:00PM
It's back. Including 'For The Record'.

HOME VIDEO INTERNATIONAL 7-9:00PM
Radio adaptations of movies. Taping this program is strictly prohibited.

STOMP ON THAT BOPPATRON 9PM-12:30 AM
The dance floor beat brought to you by DJ Mick Hard. Pin them needles!

JOIN THE RHYTHM MACHINES 12:30-4:00AM
Soup Sneak from the Bones of the Elephant Man is no more. Long live the Elephant Man! Long live the Soup! This new show will be exploring the relationship between post-night-out anxiety, the complexity of human movement performance, and exercise-related mood enhancement. Tear ligaments to Nitzer Ebb, KMFDM, Mussolini Headkick, 242, the Nethwerk and Wax Trax! rosters, etc. Hosted by Lloyd Ularna. Features:
9th Interview with cEVIN KEY (part one)
16th Interview with cEVIN KEY (part two)
23rd Anthony Roberts of Group 49 and Carbon 14 live in-studio, discussing new project, The Big Lie.
Upcoming interviews: Nitzer Ebb, Agrumh, Borghesia, and Jarboe (of Swans/Skin)...

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8AM-NOON
Steve Edge hosts Vancouver's biggest and best acoustic/roots/rogue folk music radio show. Now in its fifth year on CITR! UK Soccer Report at 11:30.

THE BRUNCH REPORT NOON-12:15PM
News, sports, weather and an appropriate amount of more!

POWERCHORD 12:15-3:00PM
Vancouver's only true metal show with the underground speed to mainstream metal; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

IN EFFECT 3-5:00PM
The Hip Hop Beat brought to you by DJ's Niel Scobie, Chaz Barker and Bill Tzotzolis.

THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE 5-5:30PM
See Monday for details.

THE YAP GAP 5:30-6:00PM
Hear figures in the Arts world talk about their works, other peoples works and anything else that occus to them. Hosted by Antje Rauwerda.

MEGABLAST! 1-4:00 AM
Hey, now you can request whole shows! How about an Iggy Pop special? Phone in! Requests for individual songs ruin the

SUNDAY

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
6					
7	RANDOM...	IT'S JUST TALK WITH RJ MOORHOUSE	MISCELLANY	INSIDE INFO...	ARTS CAFE
8	**THE MORNING SHOW - BBC WORLD SERVICE AT 8:00**				
9	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	GARNET TIMOTHY HARRY	MORNING BREATH	JEROME PRINGLE	NOW YOU HAS JAZZ
10				OUR TALENTED FAMILY	HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE	MOVING IMAGES
11		You could be here...	PEST CONTROL	WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE		THE VENUS FLYTRAP SHOW
12	**THE NEWS**				JIGGLE	**THE NEWS**
1		**THE AFTERNOON NEWS REPORT**				
2	ROCKERS SHOW	SHOW OF STRENGTH	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	NECRO-NEOFILE NEOPHILE II	CAVERN OF PLEASURE	IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN
3						THE ABSOLUTE...
4	BLUES AND SOUL SHOW	SOUND OF REALITY	THE UNHEARD MUSIC	THE TASTE OF THINGS TO COME	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARDWUAR
5						VALUE OF NOISE
	THE CITR NEWS MAGAZINE					
6	HEAR SAY	SPORTS DIGEST	MISCELLANY	INSIDE INFO...	ARTS CAFE	RANDOM...	THE YAP GAP
7	ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS/LEECHCRAFT	IT'S JUST TALK WITH RJ MOORHOUSE		B.C. FOLK	NO-HOST BAR	AND NOW THIS	EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG
8		TOP OF THE BOPS	NEON MEATE DREAM	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL		INTERFERENCE!	
9	PLAYLOUD (THIS IS NOT A TEST)	THE AFRICAN SHOW			HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHT	HOME VIDEO INTERNATIONAL	MARSHA BRADY
10			BEAT HEADS VERSUS WOLF AT THE DOOR	PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK			
11	ONE STEP BEYOND/ RADIO FREE AMERICA	THE JAZZ SHOW WITH GAVIN WALKER			FLORENCE QUICK	STOMP ON THAT BOPPATRON	RADIO FREE PARKING
12							
1							
2	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	ENVIRONMENTAL SCATOLGY	AURAL TENTACLES	POST-PIT DEPRESSION		JOIN THE RHYTHM OF MACHINES	MEGABLAST!
3							
4							

continuity of my show, so instead I will build my show around specials requested by you. 228-2487.

SPORTS

Join the crack CITR Sports Unit for play-by-play coverage of a mess o' varsity sports both on the campus and off, from soccer to football to ice hockey to basketball. Find out the reason why the "TR" is in CITR. Playoff games beckon! Upcoming regular season games carried by CITR which will pre-empt regular CITR programming:

JANUARY

FRIDAY THE 26TH, 7:30PM: MEN'S ICE HOCKEY VS U OF MANITOBA.
SATURDAY THE 27TH, 8:00PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF LETHBRIDGE.

FEBRUARY

FRIDAY THE 16TH, 7:30PM: MEN'S ICE HOCKEY VS U OF BRANDON.
SATURDAY THE 17TH, 7:45PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF CALGARY.

ACCESS

CITR provides free airtime for Community Access by groups and individuals. If you or your group would like to say something to someone somewhere, please call the Program Director at 228-3017.

VOL OPS

CITR wants you to become involved with your friendly UBC Radio Station which broadcasts at 1800 watts to the campus and beyond. Opportunities abound! Wheeee! Programming, producing, editing, writing, engineering, operating, announcing, hosting, etc etc etc. Come by the studios during normal office hours. We're located in Room #233 on the second floor of the Student Union Building. Or phone us at 228-3017. And yes, Jen Kelly, everyone is welcome regardless of age! So come on by and see for yourself!

WHOM AND HOW

ARTS DIRECTOR.....ANTJE RAUWERDE
BUSINESS MANAGER..BARBARA WILSON
CURRENT AFFAIRS DIRECTOR.....
.....STEFAN ELLIS
DEMO DIRECTOR.....DALE SAWYER
DEVELOPMENT COORDINATOR.....
.....LINDA SCHOLTEN
MOBILE SOUND.....LANE DUNLOP
ENTERTAINMENT DIRECTOR.....
.....RICHARD VILUS
MUSIC DIRECTOR....CHRIS BUCHANAN
NEWS DIRECTOR.....STEFAN ELLIS
PRESIDENT.....LANE DUNLOP
PRODUCTION MANAGER...ADAM SLOAN
PROGRAM DIRECTOR....RANDY IWATA
PROMOTIONS DIRECTOR..BARBELGOOD
RECORD LIBRARIAN.....JEROME PRINGLE
SECRETARY.....JOHANNA BLOCK
SPORTS DIRECTOR.....JEFF PATERSON
TRAFFIC DIRECTOR.....TANIA ALEKSON
VICE PRESIDENT.....ROBYNN IWATA
VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR..BILL BAKER

BUSINESS LINE.....228-3017
DJ LINE.....228-2487 (228-CITR)
NEWS LINE.....222-2487 (222-CITR)
FAX LINE.....228-6093
STAND IN LINE.....ROOM 233, SECOND FLOOR OF THE STUDENT UNION BUILDING, 6138 SUB BOULEVARD, VANCOUVER, BC V6T 2A5.

SURVEY

All surveys are in and are being counted by our crack CITR Survey Crew. Stay tuned to these pages and listen to CITR for the results and the winners!

DEMO TAPES

CITR welcomes all musics with open ears. If you wanna submit any material, just remember to include important details like names, phone numbers, addresses, etc. Send/address to the attention of the Demo Director please. Thank you.

HEAR SAY

CITR's newest program exposing the written word as art needs you! Be they poetry, prose, radio drama, etc. If you would like to read your written works out on Hear Say, or if you would like to have your works read out for you, just phone the Hear Say coordinators Antje, Barb, Chris, Katherine, Kim, or Richard at 228-3017. The success of the show depends on its contributors.

BOLD MEANS CANADIAN, DONCHA KNOW

AN ALPHABETICAL DEMOLIST OF THE MORE FREQUENTLY PLAYED STUFF OVER THE PAST LITTLE WHILE

@#*&!	SHOES
TRAVIS B./ASIAN YOUTH GANG	PSYCHOTHERAPY
BLACK EARTH	CREATURES
BILL CHAPMAN	NOCTURNE
CRASH TEST DUMMIES	SUPERMAN'S SONG
CITRUS PARK	GOLDEN
KEMPTON DEXTER	LESBIAN LIFE
DICK	JIMMY PUNCHED A HOLE
THE DOTS	GOIN' CRAZY
ELIZABETH FISCHER	STATES OF GRACE
MARTIN FIELDS AND THE ACADEMY	VALERIE
FLESH	ROUGH EDGES
GROUP 49	COUGHING BIRDS/KAZAKH
HARD ROCK MINERS	MAKING THE BED ROCK
HARD ROCK MINERS	NOT THEBLUE-TAIL FLY
HOWE SOUND	POP
JHO NEK BONE	NEIGHBOURHOOD GIRLS
JR. GONE WILD	GOD IS NOT MY FATHER
MARY	CAROL OF THE BELLS
PUKE THEATRE	ANGST IZ SO COOL
PULL MY DAISY	AC-DC
PAULA REMPEL	LESTER
THE ROOSTERS	PRETTY THING
ROUGHAGE	JAH IN VIETNAM/THE AXE
SCRAMBLERS	OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND
SECTION 46	TERRY SOLD SPINE GRIND
SHE	SHOW ME
SONS OF FREEDOM	BLIND CHILDREN
T.T. RACER	1990'S
HIROSHI YANO	FRAGMENT

SPINLIST

JESUS AND MARY CHAIN	*AUTOMATIC*
MINISTRY	*THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO TASTE*
SKINNY PUPPY	*RABIES*
KILLDOZER	*TWELVE POINT BUCK*
MAESTRO FRESH WES	*LET YOUR BACKBONESLIDE12"*
TACKHEAD	*FRIENDLY AS A HAND GRENADE*
808 STATE	*90*
VARIOUS ARTISTS	*MYTHS 4*
VARIOUS ARTISTS	*ITALIA*
EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN	*HAUS DER LUEGE*
BARMY ARMY	*THE ENGLISH DISEASE*
VARIOUS ARTISTS	*RADIO TOKYO TAPES WOMEN*
DAVID SYLVIAN & HOLGER CZUKAY	*FLUX AND MUTABILITY*
LAURIE ANDERSON	*STRANGE ANGELS*
JOHN LEE HOOKER	*THE HEALER*
JESUS JONES	*LIQUIDIZER*
NINE INCH NAILS	*PRETTY HATE MACHINE*
ICE-T	*ICEBERG*
VARIOUS ARTISTS	*OH GOD MY MOM'S ON CH. 101*
PSYCHIC TV	*LOVE WAR RIOT*
BUTTHOLE SURFERS	*WIDOWMAKER*
DE LA SOUL	*GHETTO THANG 12"*
TRANSVISION VAMP	*VELVETEEN*
NO MEANS NO	*WRONG*
ALLEN GINSBERG	*THE LION FOR REAL*
JOHN CALE	*WORDS FOR THE DYING*
JAZZ BUTCHER	*BIG PLANET SCAREY PLANET*
DEPECHE MODE	*PERSONAL JESUS 12"*
THE PRIMITIVES	*PURE*
WEATHERMEN	*BANG BANG 12"*
VOIVOD	*NOTHINGFACE*
SUICIDAL TENDENCIES	*CONTROLLED BY HATRED*
NURSE WITH WOUND	*A SUCKED ORANGE*
TATER TOTZ	*MONO STEREO*

AGM

The Annual General Meeting of the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia is on Monday February 19 1990 starting at 8:00PM in Room 205 of the Student Union Building on the campus of UBC. All members please attend.

THE Yale

THE BEST IN LIVE RHYTHM & BLUES EACH NIGHT
1300 GRANVILLE (AT DRAKE)
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL
681-YALE

VANCOUVER'S HOTTEST BLUES NIGHTCLUB

Feb. 1-3 – **Professor Blues Revue**
Feb. 5-7 – **Willie and the Walkers**
Feb. 8-10 – **Jim Byrnes**
Feb. 13-17 – **Guitar Shorty with The Demons**
Feb. 20-24 – **Eddy Clearwater**
Feb. 27 - March 3 – **David Raven**
Feb. 12, 19, 26 – **Oliver and The Elements**

DON'T MISS JACK LAVIN'S JAMS:
SAT. 3-8 PM / *SUNDAY BLUES MARATHON JAM* SUN. 3 PM-MIDNITE

OPEN EACH NIGHT FROM 9:30 pm - 1:30 am OPEN WEEKDAYS FROM 11:30 am

go for Soda!

Tuesday Feb 6 & 13
C-FOX DEMO LISTEN

Tuesday Feb 20
THIN WHITE ROPE

Tuesday Feb 27
T.S.O.L.

Tuesday Mar 6
Touch 'n' Go recording artists**JESUS LIZARDS**

CLUB SODA
1055 HOMER • 681-8202

by Christopher Kovacs

Northland NORMAL!

I've been wandering for the better part of a year. Now I'm back, and I can't seem to stop the cultural cross- comparison habit.

Every subculture seems to have its badges and recognition signs. Masonic handshakes and leather jackets might qualify, and in a way I suppose so could the dog's nose buried beneath another's tail. Here in the north after my long absence, I'd swear the male sign and countersign is the moustache. I'd forgotten about that. How the simple line of hair grew to such social significance I'm not sure, but all around me is the bristly evidence. As I blearily scan the village's pub, it seems as if the eyes inspecting me stray first not to tonsure or clothes or eyes, but to my few barren square inches of upper lip. Overcoming my glaring facial inadequacy, I take advantage of the 'He's a good shit, he bought me a beer' syndrome, and settle in.

Muted, beery cheers rise from a few corners as a Bob Seger song begins on the tapedeck. Playing pool are a few of the itinerant bikers, part kindly old longhairs and part braindead young toughs.

"The skin is mightier than the banana" I declare as my companions and I sit, but it's lost in the din of lagering loggers, sharking bikers and Bob Seger. It's a friendly pub. It has to be — it's the only one in town. Double ryes start to flow freely, and it starts to get even friendlier.

As Bob segues into the Eagles, again to the vociferous approval of the clientele, an old friend of mine enters with one of his many tapes, which he passes to the bartender. The bartender looks disconcertingly like Rickie Lee Jones, but has, I suspect,more tattoos. She looks the tape over, shrugs, and pops it into the machine. AC/DC begins their two-chord thang, and shouts of "Crank 'er up" come from the pool table. I do the proper thing and unobtrusively play air guitar on the corner of our table.

Some Aerosmith, some Doors, and the miniscule dancefloor is packed. I spot the woman who taught me in grade three highstepping to 'Roadhouse Blues' and grin a bit. Then comes my friend's anachronistic concession to my tastes — in quick succession two Black Flag songs and Slow's 'Have Not Been The Same.' People struggle for awhile on the floor, then turn and stare blankly at Rickie Lee. We encourage her to let it play, and shrugging, she goes back to pulling beer. A couple of people I know look at me as if to say "You're responsible for this, aren't you?" and I feign wounded innocence.

Things return to northland normal as another AC/DC song grinds into gear, and, grinning like a toad, I fling myself into a drunken flail of a dance with my former grade three teacher. I find myself encountering a few synaptic problems, but rapid self-medication with Rickie Lee's help seems to quell the more distressing misfirings. It's midnight and time to go to the zoo.

The Cabaret is post-midnight packed as usual. Everyone here is very drunk, which is oddly comforting, and not a few are belligerent, which isn't. As we settle in, a young native guy spies my leather, and trying to make a rep, blearily proposes out of blue that I'm a stupid motherfucker and I need to have my ass kicked. Conforming to etiquette, I eye him briefly, have a suck of my beer, and proceed to studiously ignore him. A couple of friends seat themselves between my newfound adversary and myself, and the confrontation is forgotten.

The dancefloor here is busy with relatively new 'dance music' peppered with the occasional John Cougar Mellencamp offering. I'm too drunk to care by this point, and settle back to watch the fuck, fight or flight reflexes jerk knees all around me.

It rapidly approaches 2 a.m. and the final song finishes as the lights come up. The final song is always 'Rave On.' It warns us that it's time for the floor show. We finish or conceal our beers and wander outside, where the fights have already begun. In fifteen minutes or so, four victors and four vanquished emerge from the crowd, most of them shirtless in the freezing cold. I beg off the party invites and begin to walk home, feeling a little queasy from it all. Or maybe just the beer.

I stop for a moment to piss in an alleyway, and rolling my head in a languid stretch, I catch a glimpse of the Aurora Borealis slowly roiling and shimmering in front of the stars. As my urine freezes in the dirt, I smile and think how good it is to be home.

PRESENTED BY

CiTR fm 101.9

CO-OP 102.7 Roots Radio

LAURIE ANDERSON

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21 9:30 PM

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT THE QUEEN ELIZABETH THEATRE ALL TICKETMASTER OUTLETS OR CHARGE BY PHONE 280-4444.

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SEVERED HEADS

MC 900 FT JESUS

WITH DJ ZERO

AT GRACELAND

1250 RICHARDS STREET (Lane Entrance)
TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1990
DOORS AT 9:00 SHOW AT 10:00
Tickets Available At VTC, Zulu and Odyssey
Produced by JOIN THE RHYTHM OF MACHINES (Fridays on CiTR fM102)